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POETRY

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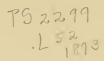
PROSE.

BY

SUBMIT CHESEBROUGH LOOMIS

(Golden Rod.)





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BY MRS. L. J. WING.
1893.

This Book is Affectionately Dedicated to

Martha Putnam Chesebrough.

My Mother! The Daystar of My Youth! The Angel of Peace! The Beacon Light, the Faith, the Lodestar Which has Constantly Through Life Drawn Me Toward Her Own Spirit-Realm of Bliss.

Submit C. Loomis.



PREFACE.

The majority of those into whose hands this book will fall were personally acquainted with the writer, and knew and admired her many fine qualities of heart and brain. They realized how progressive was her mind, and noted with what an eager interest she investigated new theories of religion, science, mechanical arts, and late inventions, and how extended was her knowledge on all subjects of general interest.

But the thought that lay more closely to her heart than any other was on the Eternal World, — that realm of bliss, that land of light and beauty, that final home of everlasting day, where sorrow never comes, where parting is unknown, but where reunited loved ones live on in peace and harmony forever, forever progressing in knowledge and power, forever going towards the great Eternal Center that draws all souls upward towards His own, the source of all light, of all worlds, even unto God himself.

That Heavenly home contains her dear mother and other loved ones, from whom death did not seem to separate her, for she lived with them constantly in memory, each day recounting some incident from their daily lives. In her diaries they are frequently mentioned, and the anniversaries of their births into this life, and when they were born into immortal life, are always given with more than a passing notice, which shows they could never be separated from her affection, which like all her other characteristics, was fixed on the firmest and most enduring foundations. Her heart was filled with a love for humanity

and a great desire to see the world oroaden into the sunlight of love, patience, charity, and equal rights which would distribute the advantages of education among the lowliest and teach them how to preserve and strengthen their strongholds against oppressive employers, as well as to enlighten their minds and lift them out of the slough of ignorance, uncleanliness, and vice, in which so many souls now languish. She hated slavery and oppression in all its forms, believing in the right of every man and woman to freedom of thought, of speech; the right to elevate oneself and march onward with the progress of the age, to reach beyond the present to discover new theories, new themes, new forces, new worlds, if possible. She believed in the right of raising questions which would disseminate the sunlight of knowledge and cause us to seek with our intelligences the intelligence given us throughout all nature. She believed that the power of the brain to acquire and keep was limitless, and her greatest happiness consisted in absorbing knowledge, for she seemed more to absorb than to learn.

She believed that all truths were rays from God; that wisdom is divine; that science and philosophy are both spiritual and worldly treasures, and that love, pure and unselfish, comes directly from God,—that it is holy in all its emotions and all-absorbing in its charities.

She was a devoted wife, mother, sister, and friend; and all that an unusual intelligence and loving heart could devise was done to soothe, comfort, cheer, sustain, and bring happiness to the fortunate ones with whom her destinies were thrown. She never knew defeat, never despaired, never found any cloud so dark for herself or others but that she could see its silver lining. There was no spot in life so barren but she found an oasis to rest upon;

no garden so filled with weeds but she could find somewhere in its intricacies some flower worthy to preserve and make the garden worth reclaiming. So her life was at once a comfort, a light, a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, and a sustaining happiness to those that came in contact with her, and many that she has blessed now live to bless her name and revere her memory. Raised a Baptist, she left the severity of that faith for the brighter one of universal salvation, and while yet in her teens joined the Universalist church, The theory that God is love and through His love, - and not by threats of eternal punishment,- He was to reclaim the world was more in accord with her generous nature, wide benevolence, and far-reaching charity. She identified herself with that then unpopular church, and was an active member of it for many years.

When the subject of Spiritualism began agitating the public mind she investigated it, being attracted by the yearning love of a heart that never could forget its dearly loved dead. She was soon convinced of its truth, and throughout her life lived in the light and comfort which the beauty of this new faith brought her. It spread its effulgent rays around her, opening the door of Heaven, showing her the radiant pathway to its Eternal gates. She knew and felt the celestial glorics awaiting her, and, when death came, all unexpectedly, she was fully prepared to go, and passed from earth to Heaven with all the delight of one whose brightest anticipations are about to be realized; with the deep happiness that one finds in the fulfilment of a long cherished hope.

She did not die,—hers was a glorified soul that sprang joyously through death's portals and was crowned with immortal glories. Among her varied accomplishments she was a fine elecutionist. She died October 7, 1892, at twenty-five minutes past six o'clock in the morning. At midnight before her death she recited in a clear, full voice the following beautiful lines by Lizzie Doten:

It was midnight and out of that deep
Whose waves from the Infinite roll,
Which men in their blindness call sleep,
I awoke to the light of the soul.
And a feeling of fear and of dread
In that land of the boundless unknown
Came over my soul and I said:
"I am here with the shadows,—alone!"

Then a nearness, a mystical sense
Of a presence unseen made me pause
And thrill with a feeling intense,—
Like a magnet that quickens and draws.
The shadows grew restless and swayed
Their pinions,— made ready for flight,—
Then silently rose and obeyed
A presence demanding the light.

Did I dream? Did I surely behold
A being resplendent with grace,
Whose hair was like sunlight and gold,—
With the glory of God on his face?
And I, a poor wandering child,
Afflicted with wonder and fear;
Did I dare to look up when he smiled,
And answer his call to draw near?

Oh! love is a mystery deep,

The longing and lone know its voice;

'Tis a magnet of infinite sweep,
And the heart that is drawn knows no choice.
Oh! I gazed in his luminous eyes
With the love and the trust of a child;
So lofty, so godlike, so wise,
So tender and sweet when he smiled.

I knew I was worthless and weak,

Defiled by earth's darkness and dust;

But my spirit grew earnest to speak,

In the strength and the fulness of trust.

Oh! thou, who wert born of that light

Where no darkness can ever abide,

Wilt thou hear, if I question aright,

And answer? Who art thou? I cried.

Then his voice came as gentle and low,
As soft and as soothingly sweet
As the stream with its musical flow,
As the rain with its soft silver feet:

A spirit, a spirit, no more
Must thou question, dear child of the earth,
In vain wilt thou seek to explore
The secrets of souls and their birth.

But the voice of thy pleading is heard,
The cry of thy soul for the light:
Lo! I am the answering word
That quickens thy blindness to sight.
Lay thy hand then unshrinking in mine
Till the depths of thy being shall fill.
Oh, Neophyte! here at the shrine
Discern thou the secret of will.

A wave from life's infinite sea
Seemed to sweep me tumultuously o'er,
Not yet was my spirit made free
From the earth and its storm-clouded shore.
But I knew I had found what I sought,
That my spirit was guided aright;
Those wondrous pulsations had caught
Which quicken the children of light.

Dear child, said the spirit, be brave
Thy mission on earth to fulfil,
And know that no soul is a slave
That hath fathomed the secret of will.
Farewell! And he vanished away,
Like a star that hath drank its own light.
I turned to my dwelling of clay,—
To the earth and the shadows of night.

But I know as I never have known
That this life which we live is a dream;
That the spirit is never alone
And we all are far more than we seem.
For oft when we battle with fate
With courage undaunted and strong,
We hear from the beautiful gate
Sweet echoes of music and song.

We shall plant the white lilies of peace On the grave of our deadliest ill, When our idle complaining shall cease And we work with the Infinite Will.

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POETRY.



MY ANGEL MOTHER.

Spirits whisper, tell me truly,
Are ye here and do ye speak
Truths to us but given newly
To impress us mortals weak!
When mild zephyrs come and whisper
Melody within mine ear,
Is it thus thy evening vespers
Blend with ours to heaven in prayer!

Dearest near me dost thou linger,—
Am I in thy presence now?
Do I feel thy viewless fingers
Softly laid upon my brow?
Canst thou see my heart is throbbing
With the cares and ills of life?
Shall it cease its grief and sobbing
When its pulses stop its strife?

Wreathe my brow with light that's gushing
From the fountains of the blest,
Speak in soothing tones that's hushing
All life's tumults into rest.
Mother dear, could I behold thee
In those radiant bowers of bliss,—

Oh! I could not wait to fold thee To my inmost soul in this.

Mother dear, thy angel presence
Lifts me upward to thy home,
Bids the car of time move swiftly.
Can I wait so long to come?
Must I on this plane material
Linger long, away from thee?
Teach me how my work to hasten
That I may come home to thee.

Teach me how to light the darkness,

How to lift the veil of woe

From the wan, distorted features

Of humanity below.

Teach me how to truth attract them,

How to light each heart with love

That shall burn with golden brightness

From this life to that above.



MY COQUETTE.

When I gaze in the depths of thy dear eyes I see
The sunlight of beauty, Sweet, shining on me,
With that gay, arch expression on ruby lips curled.
What sight is more lovely? 'Tis the joy of this
world.

I know there are moments when sorrow or doubt Spreads darkness that mantles thy dear face about, Like the cloud that's obscuring the light of the sun They recede as the day god smiles through every one:

So my happy heart with true sympathy yearns And faith's holy fire in my bosom still burns.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Thine album is a casket full of pearls,

Of glowing heart-gems which no time can dim.

Each item is a banner which unfurls

And rises heavenward, — like all Nature's hymn.

Their form material 'neath this cover lies,—
Affection's, hope's, and love's most holy prayer
We read in fondness with our mortal eyes;

But in our inmost hearts we store them where,

Like sweetest perfume blending with the soul
And lifted upward by its magic power,
We feel amid life's cares their sweet control
And see their light in sorrow's darkest hour.
Then treasured be these gems by dear ones given,
They'll form a wreath of diamonds for thy
brow.

For memories dear will reach from earth to heaven
And like thine album keep a record now.
So sacred to loved playmates of thy youth,
This book will live through many future years,
A beacon light to guide to hope and truth
And draw thee onward to celestial spheres.

PHILOSOPHY.

Our pleasures and pains are all in Fate's book, Which Fancy but gilds with a vanishing look. Our hopes, trusts, and doubts alternately blend Through life's varied moments the same to the end.

Since Fortune has checkered this pathway of ours, And thorns lurk unseen 'neath the loveliest flowers, Let us smile when destruction and sorrow attend,—For, when storms rage the fiercest, they soonest will end.

ART.

Art, child of God and messenger of Heaven,
Without thee Eden were a desert waste;
By thee attracted, mind from thence was riven
To worship here thy beauty's magic grace.

Who would not bend in awe before that power
Which trains and guides Heaven's restive, fiery
steeds?

Who would not worship wisdom's brightest flower Whose fragrance makes us gems of earthly reeds?

Who would not adore the shadows full of grace
Which hold the features of the loved and lost,
And kiss in dear remembrance the loved face
Whose fate with ours by death or fortune
crossed.

Art, child of God, triumphant o'er the grave,
Thou smilest calmly at death's iron spoils
And seals the soul-lit features love would save
To cheer our hearts amid life's cares and toils.

TRUE — FALSE.

- Can absence e'er sever that golden-linked chain,
 Which friendship hath woven and burnished
 with love:
- Can the smiles of new faces, wealth, station e'er stain
 - One link of its brightness? No; 'tis wrought from above.
- Beware of false brilliants,—those summer friends fly
 - Who never are nigh except fortune shines clear,
- When our spirits run low 'neath a threatening sky,
 They turn from our presence with visage
 severe.
- One true-hearted friend is better by far

 Than all the gay throng so careless and cold
 Oh! cherish that one whose friendship for aye
 Will shine with the new and be true to the old.

THE MISANTHROPE.

Why shut thy heart from all the world,
Why petrify thy mind,
Why from thee is each blessing hurled,
Why to God's goodness blind?
Shall one dark spot upon the sun
Spoil all his cheering rays,—
And we refuse to gaze upon
The light for fear of haze?

Shall we grow angry if a cloud
Obscures a brilliant sky?
Let mental anguish like a shroud
Bid hope forever fly?
Impious thou to fault thy God,
Ungrateful'tis in thee
To feel that thy ungracious nod
Could better worlds decree.

Know this,—thy discontented mind
And selfish spirit, too,
Has made thee to earth's beauties blind
And draped thy life with Rue.
Learn to love Nature,—and her love
May warm thine icy heart;
She'll point thee to that power above
Whose fiat worlds impart.

MY SISTER.

My sister, when our childhood years
With playful sports and mirth shone gaily,
Like dew on flowers our tiny tears
Exhaled, as other joys came daily:—

So when life's sorrows sadly cast
Their gloom around us as we sever
We know their shadows cannot last,—
That hope must still shine on forever.

As far from thee in stranger lands I wander,
Stemming the current of life's boisterous tide,
Remember that of thee and home I ponder
And pray thy barque may o'er smooth waters
glide.

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET.

Sweet bouquet, sweeter as the pledge of kindness,
Thy perfume stealing o'er the ambient air
Grateful to all, thy spirit in its blindness
Bequeaths its blessings free that all may share.

Could I but speak my spirit's deep emotion, Welling from out the fountain of my soul, You then could see how in my heart's devotion The flow of gratitude has full control.

I have no language to disclose the fulness
Which the deep feeling of my soul distills
For all your kindness, — even my thanks have dulness,

And cause regretful tears my eyes to fill.

May He who has the power to grant me hearing
Bless all my friends (the token ye have given)
With life, health, peace, and friends whose love
endearing

Gives joy in Time, and future bliss in Heaven.

THE STORM.

Darkly hung the sable curtain
O'er the western, watery sky,
And the lightning's brilliant flashes
Told the god of storm was nigh.
High he rode in mystic chariot
Drawn by coursers of the air,
Deeply, fiercely, loudly rumbling
Roll the wheels of his awful car.

Now the sound is in the distance, Nearer comes,—its crash we hear. Grandly and sublimely riding

Now the god of storm is near.

If thus mighty is the agent

Which but executes His will,

How much more is He who sayeth

To the elements: "Be still."

THE DEATH OF CONFIDENCE.

I saw a group of lovely mourners.

Love, whose angel wings glitter with sunlight, is now veiled and covered with the weeds of sorrow.

Friendship, whose gentle tones and star-genmed diadem bring peace to so many hearts, now casts down her lustrons eyes, whose fountains flow all unchecked.

Joy and Happiness, crowned with golden ringlets from beauty's bower, and wont to make the air ring with their songs of gaiety and mirth, now sob in grief and woe.

Pale faced Peace, whose light and snowy drapery floats so gracefully around her beauteous form, covers her ethereal whiteness with the sable weeds of mourning.

Pity, whose eyes are always filled with tears, now lets them flow afresh in mournful sorrow.

These lovely mourners gather near each other and murmur softly through their tears: "Confidence, our angel sister, is dead, and with her death we bury all that brings peace to our hearthstones, steadfastness to our friendships, trustfulness to our loves, and comfort to our hearts in dark hours of adversity.

"Without her, life can only be a dreary waste and we are forever bereft; for Hope will hide her light from us and veil her star in darkness, while all that makes life pure and holy, sweet and beautiful,—our sister Confidence lies dead."

MARTHA ROSANNA.

My Martie—Rose dear, thou camest first to cheer A fond mother heart with a new love so dear; All unseen our guardians were watching to know How soon the sweet rosebud was destined to blow

And shed its soft perfume from such tiny lips,
Dark eyes, rosy mouth, and wee finger tips;

A herald of love thou,—for six others came
All wrapped in love's blanket, and loved just the same.

One sweet blue-eyed brother, so white and so fair, So dimpled and smiling—with flossy light hair; How like fairies you wandered all day 'mid the flowers,

The roses, and vines, and enjoyed the bright hours.

Like birds you were singing and flying all day;
So busy, so lively, so cheerful and gay;
When evening approached, then in much needed
rest

My tired-out wanderers came home to their nest.

DAY DREAMS.

In my happier moods my spirit roams far.

And I live in a world of my own;
I dream—my bright fancies take form in the air
And my castles are high, and as shapely and fair
As though builded of marble and stone.

Oh! my beautiful gardens,—such odorous flowers With cool rippling fountains, and birds softly gay;

In those deep wooded dells are the snuggest of bowers

That are shielded alike from the sunshine and showers,

And are filled with the breathings of May.

There roses whose sweetness is almost divine
Bloom in beauty o'er my castle so grand,—
They climb on its walls and lovingly twine
Their blossoms all dripping with dew drops that
shine

With such lustre in my fairy land.

I have walks—and a drive by a pure glassy lake
Which reflects on its bosom so clear
The soft hazy moon, and the stars as they take
Their places on high in their order to make
The bright constellations there.

I have all that Nature and art can bestow
To fill every wish of my heart,
And "my world" is the heaven I live in below,—
My moments of bliss when no sorrow or woe
Can afflict me with their cruel smart.

Ah! my magical dreams! how they bring to my view

The far distant loved ones so precious, so near,—

How I bask in the sunlight of their smiles so true And press with delight again and anew The hands of those cherished so dear.

How the visions of those who have passed me in life

On our way to Eternity's shore

Smile away from my heart every thought of the strife

Of this world,—from their home where love only is rife

And day dreams are real evermore.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The sun in glorious brightness hath arisen

From the dark cloud that hid from earth his light,

So the immortal now hath burst his prison
And shines in beauty far from human sight.

A star hath set on earth to rise in heaven,

Its light attracted throngs of living men;—

While here such brilliancy to it was given,—

Its track is left along life's horizon,—

Left in the hearts of those whose tear-drops flow In the deep consciousness of severed ties,

Whose love deep-welling from the soul must go To find its object in the spirit skies.

Death is not death,—the bursting of the shell

That holds us bound to this material plane,—

The lifting from the coal (control woonled coal)

The lifting from the soul (earth's wearied spell)
Is life,—and gives life's consciousness again.

The end of sickness, disappointment, woe,—
The end of grief, of suffering and tears;
Born to immortal joys thou now shalt know
Only the glory thy bright past endears.
Though thou art gone, a loving country keeps
The story of thy life, written in deathless lines.
Entombed thy dust in guarded care shall sleep
And round thy name bright bays and laurels
twine.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Welcome this day which to the number gives
One more to those of my departed years,—
Chained to the past, its only record lives
To form the number I am prisoned here:—
Prisoned,—for who bound to a clog of earth
Is free to mount on wings of hope and fly
Through the vast universe where worlds have birth,
Or read the wondrous pages of the sky?

Darkly we see its spangled cover here:

Awed with the sight we long to read its page,—

View its great author in His Heavenly sphere And taste those joys immortal minds engage. Yet we this chrysalis, grovelling state must bear And carry still earth's clogging weight of clay Till dissolution bursts the bonds we wear—

Then spirit-freed we'll soar to realms of day.

TO D. K. M.

REPENTANCE.

My mother! Years, long, tedious years have passed

Since thy mild eyes on me their lustre cast,
Since thy calm voice in sweet, maternal tone
Breathed cares for me. How all thy love was
shown.

To Heaven thy prayers,—to me thy counsel gave. I could not think thee then so near thy grave.

Oh! to thine own prophetic mind 'twas given
To know how soon thy home should be in heaven.
Oh! I was wayward then, how could I know
That my wild mirth disturbed thy spirit so?
My boisterous boyhood's heedless, thoughtless glee
Fettered to earth thy mind,—by grace set free.

And thy fond love to guard my waywardness Lingered 'mid pain and death — my life to bless. Forgive me now. Angel in heaven forgive. Thy saintly image in my soul shall live So pure and holy to my spirit given,— A link to draw thy son to thee in heaven.

TIME.

Time hides from us all future woe
And brightly on us beams,
Until our sorrows o'er us flow,
Dispelling hopeful dreams.

Then Time again with healing wing Soars up so bright and fair, Our gushing joys in music sing,— Forgetting what we are.

So in this world of ebb and flow Of joy's and sorrow's tide, Time gilds our moments as they go And darkens them beside.

GRIEVE NOT.

Our dear ones when they leave us Float to the "Golden Shore,"— Oh! let it not then grieve us That they have gone before.

We soon their steps must follow,
We soon shall lay this form
Away in peace and silence,
Away from life's fierce storm.

Then up and let's be doing
Our works of truth and love;
It will our spirits brighten
For the world that is above.

Let us battle against the errors
Always with a loving heart;
Let us show the world the terrors
Of sin's cruel, stinging smart.

Let us paint the glorious future

To be given virtue's crown,

Try to banish doubts and darkness

Which weigh the spirit down.

Let us listen for the music, Floating from that upper sphere, And attune the souls around us So in sympathy they hear.

Let us show through life's long pathway
(Ever dark though it may be)
Faith will shine amidst the shadows—
Lighting towards eternity.

AN ALBUM.

Treasure this pure and crystal shrine,
For 'neath its silent cover
Heart-gems are set from Memory's mine,
And each is like a lover.
Though words may vary, still the tone,
The sentiment, and feeling
Are like one chord, one heart alone
Its tender love revealing.

MARY.

My child, my rose, my gem immortal shining,
Offshoot from God, thy spirit came to me,
A diamond light forever intertwining
With my own heart, my life, my love for thee.

Thy heart from mine received its first pulsation,
Thy life from mine its wondrous course began,
Thy love from mine in haloed 'lumination
Like sparkling light through thy being ran.

Though other loved ones sometimes sway thy spirit,

Though other hearts may seem to win thine own.

Yet still 'tis I thy strongest love inherit,

A love which twines our hearts and lives in
one.

SEA SHELLS.

Keep these little, pearly shells,
Every one a story tells.

Now, moved by winds and waves no more,
They cluster here to let you see
Their opal beauty, shall not we
Love and admire the wondrous power
Which gives new beauties every hour
To forms of life we never saw,
But know they're all out worked by law?

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE."

Set your light where others see it,

Let it shine from far and near;

It will to the weak give courage,

To the faltering hope and cheer.

To the downcast—faith which scatters All the gloomy mists of doubt, Draws aside the veil that shadows,— Reveals the truth, drives error out.

For our holy aspirations

Fill the soul with heavenly light,
And its beams are lighting others

Toward a nobler, grander height.

FORGIVENESS.

Forgive the erring, cover o'er the smart
Another's thoughtless words have caused thee,
Still the complainings of thy wounded heart,
Force back the tears which all unbidden start
And bravely say: I will, I do forgive thee.

And then forgive—even as Christ forgave,
Not by mere words, but deepest feeling;

Blot from your memory those sharp tones which gave

The arrow's point,—whose poison like a wave
Engulfed your mind, its peace and comfort
stealing.

Forgive thine enemies,—hearts filled with hate
And evil thoughts, wishing for harmful things,
Absorb their own deep malice,—soon or late
They find that retribution fixed as fate
O'ertakes them, and a punishment it brings.

Look with calm eyes and try to judge aright,
Allowance make for words in haste that's spoken,

Let not one small dark cloud affect the light On friendship's altar, which was always bright, Until one speck, one spot, its rays has broken.

Oh! then forgive; this attribute divine

Comes from our Father,—comes of Heaven;

Turn thou thy thoughts unto His holy shrine

And let its peaceful light o'er thy life shine

Till thou forgivest the full seventy times seven.

CUPID'S DARTS.

Could I but learn of Cupid
To let the arrow flit,
Thy heart that's now so stupid
Should be severely hit.
Could I but steal the glances
From out thy beaming eyes,
That soul which me entrances
Should kiss me with its sighs,

Could I but hear thee whisper,
In tones so deep and low,
"I love thee dearest ever,"
My joy no bounds could know.
Nere I the glowing sunshine
That revels on thy brow,
I'd never leave for Luna
To rival me as now.

Were I the balmy zephyrs
Caressing all the flowers,
I'd leave their sweet breath for thy side
And dwell in love's bright bowers.
Were I hope's brilliant life-star,
I'd rise and never set;
On thy fair brow I'd shine for aye,
Thy blazing coronet.

ALBUM.

In sparkling love crystals of roseate hue

Affection's pure treasures shine brightly for you.

Condensed in this volume are the thoughts of your friends,

All twined in the garlands which pure friendship sends.

CHAINED TO EARTH.

Oh! why chain the spirit's free course to the earth,
To a fast fading flower's loved hues?

Why fetter its soaring to the place of its birth?
Why clip the bright wings it would use?

Though thy fair, faultless form so adorned with each grace

Which culture and art can bestow;

Though thy mind ever speaking imprints on thy face

Its impressions of sorrow and woe;

Though thy words are as honeyed as manna from heaven,

And their eloquence charms every ear;

Yet the soulful expression unto thine eye given Is surpassed in the bright spirit sphere.

There the spirit looks out from the blue lustrons orbs;

There angel forms float in the sky;

There cherubs a god-like expression absorb

From the seraphs in rapture on high.

There never is death,—we are angels so free
To roam to the fartherest star;
All the known and unknown we are given to see,
And our inner light shines out afar.

ON THE BIRTH OF MY FIRST GRANDCHILD.

Little gem so pure, so holy,
Brilliant, beautiful, and new,
From the great Eternal Fountain
Whence all life its essence drew,—
Recent ray of life immortal
Sent from Heaven on earth to shine,—
As we gaze on thee, sweet cherub,
Love's fond tendrils round us twine.

Thy blue eyes so soft and dove-like, True and innocent and bright, Kindle — every moment kindle —
New affection by their light,
As thy young and doting mother
Clasps thee fondly to her breast
And her kisses sweetly smother
All thy little restlessness:—

Heaven nor earth ne'er drew a picture
Half so beautiful as this,
When the mother on her infant
Prints her first enraptured kiss.
How her full heart throbs with pleasure,
As she sees the bud unfold;
Each bright petal is a treasure
Dearer far than mines of gold.

EARLY FRIENDSHIPS.

TO HENRY PUTNAM LOOMIS.

The morn breathes softly on the opening flowers,
And gentlest zephyrs kiss their earliest bloom;
So friendships young amidst life's blissful bowers
Feel not the sultry atmosphere of noon;
Wouldst thou the freshness of life's morning keep,
Let no corroding care oppress thy sleep—

Nor darkening envy in thy soul have place.
Shun, ever shun, suspicion's poisonous breath;
It withers the sweet frankness of the face
And is to truth and candor early death.
Let confidence, hope, and widest sympathy
Twine all their virtues in a wreath for thee.

TO MY NEW DIARY.

The thoughts that thy record shall faithfully keep Still doth the dark future conceal;

Though Time shall unfold them as onward he leaps,—

Each day something new shall reveal.

Perchance some of sorrow and others of joy,

And others indifferent shall be;

For life's precious metal is mixed with alloy, Though its surface is brillant, you see.

To the butterfly merging from out the dark shell, Which its chrysalis form did enclose,

The balm of the morning appears as a spell Where Seraphs are watching repose;

But, when blackens the tempest, his golden wings fail

To buoy up his form from the ground;

Unwelcome experience but shows him how frail,— How fleeting life's pleasures are found.

Even so the young spirit when first on the world

It looks out, full freighted with joy,
Like the rosebud of promise with petals still

furled,—

It but blooms for the winds to destroy.

So the young heart all truthful, confiding, and free,
Takes all for pure gold which but shines
Till the surface is broken, 'tis then it can see
How black is the dross it confines.

L'ENVOI.

Pure indeed is that spirit who bouyant and free,
Unscathed by life's foibles remains;
Who though fettered to weakness, life's errors can
see

And mount upward in spite of its chains.



EARLY MORNING.

The wings of the morning are Time's carrier dove,
They flutter down the sunlight all golden from
above;

They softly stir the branches and wake the happy hours,

They kiss the sleeping roses,—drink the dew from off the flowers.

They move earths emerald carpet in graceful waves that glitter;

They circle round and listen to hear the young birds twitter;

They skim across the laughing brook, as on its pebbly way

It sings a welcome carol unto the god of day.

THE ROSE-TREE BY THE WALL

How every rosebud's bursting bloom And every rose-leaf's fall Call to my mind my childhood's home And the rose-tree by the wall. To me it was a holy shrine
Where silent worship rose
To Heaven,—as its green branches twine
And dewy buds unclose.

How very dear its emerald leaves,

How sweet its blossoms all,

How my childish heart in fancy cleaves

To the rose-tree by the wall.

When morn her cheerful fragrance flung,
And the pearly, dripping dews
Still mark where angels' breath has clung
Deepening each petal's hues:—

My matin worship with the flowers,
Blending our prayers for all,
More deeply see and feel Heaven's powers
At the rose-tree by the wall.

PRAYER.

'Tis a lifting of our thoughts
To the angel world above us.
'Tis a seeking of our spirits
For the ones who used to love us.
'Tis ascending to the heights

Of our inmost earthly portal.

'Tis peering through life's casement
To behold the bright immortal.

'Tis a kneeling of the soul
In its inner temple shrouded.

'Tis a watch-light in life's window
When our days and nights are clouded.

ANSWER TO GERTRUDE'S VALENTINE.

"Mother, my darling, my weak Muse is trying
To soar into Possy's celestial domain,
But, alas! fur too callor her wings for such flying,
She sinks back disheartened,—her efforts are vain.
Mother, my darling, on fair Mount Parnussus,
How oft with the Muses thou hast held sweet commune,
Upborne to the stars on thy bright-vinged Pegasus,
Thy sweet song commingled in heavenly tune.

"Mother, my darling, unblessed is thy daughter,
Her full heart is voiceless, her song is unsung;
Kind Nature the sweetest of melodies taught her,
But forgot how essential an eloquent tongue.
Mother, my darling, love-lines are declaring
By 8t. Valentine who the heart holds most dear,—
Thon, Thou art the dearest, none other comparing
With my soul's cherished Idol, my mother, Ma Mère,"

"Unblessed," didst thou say, while thy spirit immortal's

On its wonderful way to heaven's diamond-bright portals?

"Unblessed," while its casket,—hazel eyes, auburn hair,

Love's boon when you ask it with coral lips fair,—

With the bright smiles oft lighting thy pure lily brow!

(Thought's throne on thy forehead glows with loveliness now.)

 $^{\circ}$ Unblessed," while thy mother and sisters all love thee,—

One dearer (one brother with the angels above thee).

Are you sure you have counted these blessings so sweet?

Not the Mount of Parnassus with these can compete.

Yet for one not accustomed up this mountain to ride
The wild freaks of Pegasus as he sniffs in his
pride,—

I think you ride "splendid" and might even win a prize,

If you avoid the dark ravines, and with gentle slopes rise.

Around Inspiration, with its bright currents flowing, When our glad hearts are lifted,—how far, we not knowing,—

Laves our spirits with sunlight,—illumines our soul With a beauty resplendent, as we near the bright goal.

And we sing as we near it, for our spirits unbound Breathe in love's soft music from all Nature around.

As the rose in its sweetness, each light zephyr baptizing,—
So our souls' inspiration to Infinitude rising,—

Till we love all of Nature,—every flower of the sod.

Love infills us and lifts us to truth and to God.

CHILDHOOD.

Memory's magic wand has touched me,
Lifted back the veil of years,
And again 1 sit 'mid childhood's
Smiling joys and crystal tears.
Joyous when my darling mother
Kissed and placed me on her knee,—
Holy love beamed from her blue eyes.
How it still glows warm in me.

From the great baptismal fountain
Of God's love, my mother drew
Forth its diamond, blissful essence,—
Kept, yet poured, it on me, too.
Then she told me wondrous legends,
How the children—forty two—
Told Elisha, "go up, bald-head,"
And the bears the children slew.

Many other tales she told me,—
"Golden Fleece," "Red Riding Hood,"—
As with wondering eyes I listened,—
Hoped I always would be good.
When she kissed me, on my pillow,—
Heard me say my little prayer,—
Taught me God was ever present,
How I tried to see him there.

Till my childish fancy saw him,—
A man so tall, with hair so white,
Falling o'er majestic shoulders,
And a face all shining bright.
Round and round the varying seasons
Brought their own peculiar joys;
Winter with its ice and sleighing,
Well enjoyed by girls and boys.

Father, sometimes stern and silent, When my brothers asked to go Sleighing, with myself and sisters,
Smilling, could not answer no.
As o'erhead the stars were twinkling,
Wrapped within our largest sleigh,
Merry hearts and bells were ringing,
As we swiftly sped away.

What though Boreas blew upon us,
And the snow flakes thickly fell.
Warm our hearts and gay our voices,
Merrily jingling with the bells.
How I see the winter mornings,
As we trudged along to school,
Feeling sure we'd have our lessons,
And obey the teacher's rule.

When the match was up for spelling,
Choosing sides both one and all,
If I chanced to be the "Captain,"
My first choice was William Hall.
And we always won the victory,
Watching all with anxious eyes,
For there's more in just the winning
Than is thought of in the prize.

William was just two years older,— Both our eyes were lively grey,— Neither could be called a beauty, Still we bore the prize away. When had nearly passed the season,
And our school must shortly close,
How we saddened as we thought of
The last day,—oh! day of woes.
All our winter's sports and pleasures,—
All the charms a school life lends,—
Little quarrels, prizes, treasures
The last day so sadly ends.

Then the parents of the scholars
Found us in our best attire,
Praised our wondrous recitations,
Filled our childish hearts with fire,
Burning high with emulation,
All were anxious to excel,
Thinking which of all the prizes
We should get for learning well.

When the lessons all are over
And our serious master rose
To address us for the last time,—
How his color comes and goes.
Sad our hearts and grave our faces,
Feeling under sorrow's spell,
Soon the diamond tear drop traces
Down our cheeks,—we sob farewell.

SONG.

Revel, little roses, revel, you were born to-day,

Zephyrs kiss them, kiss them quickly, ere they fade away,

Revel, little roses, revel, with the fairies play,

Wreathe Cupid's bow in all your sweetness, nor let his arrow stray.

Revel while light and love and music in the land hold sway,

And your georgeous colors painting natures's brow so gay,

Let your incense rise like fountains, and mingle in its spray

Your sweetest perfume to us mortals, for brief too is our stay,

Blend your fragrance in one treasure, let it live alway

In our hearts, our hopes, our pleasures to an endless day.

How insignificant is the tomb Where our loved dead lies, Compared to that immortality Which tells us where they live.

AN OLD WELL.

- How beautifully the emerald moss lives in the dripping well.
- Each little arrowy point is crowned with the diamond's sparkling spell,
- It spurns the broad, clear light of day, clings to its shady dell,
- And from all tumult hides away here peacefully to dwell.
- Its quiet haunt no one invades except his thirst to quell,
- Then fondly leans upon the curb to see a moss-grown well.

DEDICATION OF MARTHA'S ALBUM.

These pages like a rose-tree smiling stand,
Budding with hopes and promises of flowers
By the bland zephyrs of affection fanned,
The petals opening fair 'midst youth's bright
hours.

All trace within them words of kindness, too, And adulation pours her honeyed tone;

'Tis life's Eolian harp, each sound may woo, But charms when breathed on but by one alone.

SEEK AND FIND.

How each day reveals new logic
For the things it brings to light;
Like young birds unfledged and helpless,
Gaining strength before their flight.
So the mind of man advancing
Step by step it upward tends;
Novel thoughts his soul entrancing,
Love and wisdom with them blends,

Many shadowy visions beckon

Him to grasp them as they go;

Many are but deep delusions,

Bringing to him naught but woe.

Still the gems of earth are hidden,

Mixed with pebble, rock, and sand,

Man must toil and search to find them,—

Sort them with a master hand,—

Grind them down to find their lustre,
Polish every facet bright;
Then his jewels will reward him
With their rich, reflecting light.
It is thus with gems of reason,
Truths and logic, — pearls of thought,—
Man must search, assay, and gather.—
Cast away what brings him naught.

ANOTHER BOUQUET.

Thou comest here breathing so purely
The sweetest of incense from heaven;
Thou comest and bringest so surely
The tribute affection has given.
On thy bright shining petals there lingers
The kiss that a loved one bestowed,
And the impress of that dear one's fingers
Still glows—from her beauty that glowed.

Oh! I feel such a thrill as I press thee
In the spirit-like form of a kiss;
In my love for the giver I bless thee,
And that blessing returns me a bliss.
I will bind thee in memory's bright casket
With the strong golden cords of my love
And this joy shall return when I ask it,
Which thy giver,—she only,—can move.

THE RIVER.

Last night I slept near by a playful river,
Whose merry voice sped music on its way,
Soft angel sounds on its bright lips did quiver
And others came ere these had died away.

Our Mary came from Heaven to earth and brought her

Entraucing harp of nature here to play
To dancing wavelets of the gurgling water,
Which murmur on so sweetly day by day.
When night's fair queen so brilliant shines at even,
And holy slumbers all our senses keep,

The rippling waters make a dream of heaven,

And angels whisper near us while we sleep.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

A bright star has set,—all hushed is the gladness.

That once beamed with love on her sweet cherub face;

The cold hand of death has now shrouded in sadness

The circle made glad by her bright winning grace.

Oh! sorrow not, friends she is born into glory,—
Lives immortal in beauty on that upper shore;
She is gathered in love and has gone to those mansions

That are free from earth's mournings and cares ever more.

But she sees you,—e'en now with kisses she lingers

To dry the sad tears from her mother's pale cheek,

Soothes her father's pained brow with her small viewless fingers,

Clasps her brother and sister,—how gladly she'd speak.

A new guardian angel to you is now given,

heaven,

To sooth you and bless you with angelic love; Time's swift rolling cycles soon will speed you to

Where you'll dwell with your loved ones forever above

JESSE.

Are thy earthly shackles broken?

Dost thou see the heavenly light?
Give, oh! give to us a token
That thou knowest all we write.
Tell us of those heavenly mansions,
Whisper in our doubting ears,
That we, too, shall soon be ransomed.
Death's the end of sighs and tears.
When dark shadows hover o'er us

And we grope life's sombre way, Bring thy spirit lamp before us And restore the light of day.

ON FINDING A RING.

What is thine history, thou circlet of gold?

Art thou a token of friendship or love?

What crowds around thee in memories of old,—
A love that is dead,—a heart that's grown cold,

Or a prayer that was wafted above?

Who once possessed thee? Was she fair and young

And brilliant and gifted and noble and true! Wert thou a memento of hopes that had sprung Between two fond hearts that in earnestness hung O'er the vows that were plighted by you!

And these vows,—are they broken, forgotten, or dead?

Or like some frail flowers that bloom soon to fade,—

In the morn of their life was their sweetness all shed.—

And ere the noon came their beauty had fled

To that grave where sad memories are laid;

Or wert thou a gift but carelessly given

On the impulse, as one gives a spray or a flower,

Forgotten perchance ere the stars of the even Sparkled brilliantly on the blue curtain of heaven.—

Forgotten perchance in an hour.

Thou art silent,—unmeaningly still dost thou shine,—

No answer to all of my pictures of thee;
All the griefs that are past, all the sunshines that
twine

Their bright rays around thee will never be mine. Little ring, thou art nothing to me.

INFINITE LOVE.

There's a love springs immortal in this spirit of ours,

All blooming and fragrant with beautiful flowers.

There pansies and roses and sweet lilies bloom
Untouched by the world and unscathed by the tomb.

This ego, this soul, is an atom of God; I know, for it lifts me above the dark clod Which encases my spirit and, tho' confined here, God-seeking I go to that radiant sphere.

And, tho' I can't grasp that Infinite Soul,
Can a drop in the ocean know what is the whole?

So God is in all things, from sand-dust to sun,
This presence progresses them all as they run.

When truth, love, and beauty are in our souls blending,

God's presence is felt in a love that's unending.

JOSEPHINE.

My life is a mine of bright gems
Of beauty the purest and rarest.
Or a rose-tree, its numerous stems
Bearing flowers the sweetest and fairest
My Phenie is one of a cluster
Of roses and gems intertwining.
The fount of all life gives the lustre
To eyes that grow brighter with shining.

My tree with its blossoms so new
Will develop and change day by day;
Life's sun will drink up its dew,
Life's storms fade its colors away.
But they still are my gems and my roses

In the soil of my heart they all bloom, Where their aromal soul-light reposes, Where I breathe all their richest perfume.

My life thus divided still trembles

Towards the wonderful source of its being;
It is twined by these close-clinging tendrils,

Whom I guard with a mother's foreseeing.
I know they're but drops from His fountain,

But sparks from His lustre divine;
I would lead them high up on life's mountain,

In goodness and mercy to shine.

I would make with the angels a compact
To watch o'er my jewels so rare;
To impress them with thoughts that are holy,
Baptized with their pure love and care;
To keep all their paths free from danger;
To lead them towards God and His love;
To meet me where life is eternal,
In that beautiful home-light above.

BELOVED.

Ah! there have been days when adversity's fangs.
Were crushing my spirit's repose;

That the pain was unheeded,—unnoticed the pangs,—

With thy friendship, unfelt were its throes.

I could smile while the arrow was piercing my soul, With my eyes turning fondly on thee,

Like the martyr whose body the flames may control,

Yet his spirit like mine is still free.

MY MOTHER'S BRIDAL ROBE.

- This garment, sainted mother, did thy youthful form enshrine,
- When vows of love were spoken by that low, sweet voice of thine,
- When the roses in thy blushes, and the love-light in thine eyes,
- Told how deep and true the feeling which received those sacred ties.

- How thine immost soul was shining with a pureness all its own,
- How *his* love around thee twining made your lives and fortunes one.
- Thus its every fold was clinging to that graceful form of thine,
- And thy thoughts were upward winging towards a happiness divine.
- Now I picture roses glowing, nestling closely to thy breast,
- And thy silken robe is flowing, twining thee in fond caress,
- And thy glad, true-hearted husband clasps with joy thy willing hand,—
- All his heart's deep love was given with that sacred wedlock band.



LOVE.

Thoughts of love are day-dream roses,

Perfuming life with fragrant smiles;

Lifting care till hope reposes

In the heart all sweet and mild.

Then the soul looks out and wonders.

What of care? and what of strife?

One corrodes, the other sunders

All the sympathies of life.

Then adieu to care and sorrow,—

Then adieu to all that mars

All our joys,—for on each morrow

Hope shall point beyond the stars.

COUPLET ON RECEIVING SOME ROSES.

Spirit aroma ascending from these fragrant roses sweet,

With our heart-throbs they are blending,—life to life in beauty meet.

TRANSITION.

The finest tints of rainbow hues fade soon,

The flower still dripping with the evening dews
Shuts up its lovely petals ere 'tis noon,

Abashed, it doth Sol's brightest gaze refuse.

And yet amidst the angry storm there stand

The oaks' huge branches which resist its power,
The rocks whose cliffs high raised above the land

Defy the whirlwind in its maddening hour.

The oak and cliff less beautiful, again
Endure, nor pain nor pleasure do they give;
But Flora's beauteous' many-tinted train
Revives and thrills us, then they cease to live.

Even so in life, our love is but a breath,—
A shade enchanting, which may fade away,—
A flower, if breathed on by repulsive death,
Or rudely handled, withers in a day.

How strong the cord which binds the hearts that love,

But when too harshly strained we snap the string,

And, though affections may no farther rove, Accept the fate indifference may bring.

EVER NEAR THEE.

My spirit steals softly beside thee at morn,
And I waft the sweet slumbers away,
That have wreathed thy loved been with the si

That have wreathed thy loved brow with the smiles that adorn

Those soul-beaming features today.

My spirit steals softly beside thee at noon,
When the wretched thy sympathy share,
As they feel thou art gone from their presence too
soon.—

I join with thy spirit in prayer.

When the gay and the lovely bright glances are throwing,

As they gracefully move through the dance, So near thee my spirit its love is besowing, That their arrows must fall off askance.

My spirit steals softly beside thee at even,
When thy head on its pillow reclines,
And I close down thy lids with warm kisses that
Heaven

Shall illume with bright visions thy mind.

MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

My youth's brightest day-star, my mother, my own.—

Ever since from the earth thy loved spirit has flown,

My sad heart weeps lonely, no joy now appears,

But soon is extinguished in sorrow and tears,—

When to my young gaze the bright sunlight I see,—

How much more than this light was my mother to me.

If music enchanted my heart to rejoice

How much more than its raptures to me was her voice.

As around this lone earth our wanderings are made, We find none like thee to bring light out of shade. So time fleet thy rounds, for when from earth riven We shall dwell with our mother forever in heaven.

MUSES.

Calliope, goddess of epic art, From thee all inspirations start.

Clio, with history's open roll, Hath chained events and marked each goal

Euterpe, with her flute and lyre, Spreads widely love's poetic fire.

Melpomene, with her tragic mask, Describes true art to all who ask.

Terpsichore, with her song and dance, Most deftly throws love's dangerous lance.

Erato's invitations rare
Are sought by many young and fair.

Polymnia, muse of hymn sublime, Our sacred thoughts to thee incline.

Urania, from the starry heaven, Has many lessons to us given.

Thalia's light and merry langh Bids care depart and pleasure quaff.

Thus enraptured in turn by the tuneful nine We are charmed with an influence almost divine.

A ROSE TREE.

I had a rose-tree once, 'twas fair, 'twas beautiful, Its flowers of creamy white flung their rich fragrance

O'er the ambient air, as by its parent stem erect It stood with face unturned to heaven.

Above bright angels spread their glittering pinions, And it partook of their ethereal lustre.

I knelt beside it, watered it with tears from rich Affection's deepest, holiest fount;

When I saw angels loved also its blossoms freshened by the

Diamond drops of heaven's own sympathy, How deep, how pure, how holy was my worship.

A fell destroyer's ruthless act cut down the parent stock,—

My lovely rose-tree now began to wither and droop its

Sweet young head.—mourning the parent stem which had

Supported it and screened it from The wind's rude caresses.

Bereft and lonely, my care I then renewed, Fain to supply the loss by kindly fostering. How I invoked the weeping spirits of the clouds To shed their dewy tears on my fair rose;—
Prayed the God of nature would with strength
invigorate
And cause it once again to raise
ts blossoms bright to heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF MY FIRST GRAND-CHILD.

Little gem of purest beauty
Briefly to our fond hearts given,—
Brightest angels saw and set thee
Shining on the brow of heaven.

In that future our beholding
Shall be dazzled by thy power,
For the gift of thy unfolding
Is to all the spirit's dower.

Could we lift our mind's dark curtain And behold thy spirit charms, How enraptured we'd enfold thee, Sweetest chernb, in our arms.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND WEEPING.

We learn from bitter years of yearning
That happiness is not of earth.
'Tis from our spirits' deep discerning
The power from God which gives it birth.

Where is that mortal free from sorrow,

Though blessed with wealth and earthly power?
Fate's book may turn a leaf to-morrow,

Which brings a sad and darkened hour.

Life cannot be (what youth would have it,—
All joy), with glittering baubles spread,
All bright, with music, song, and wit,
All flowery paths for duty's tread.

Then face the clouds. Watch for the lining,
Their silvery side you soon may see;
Their golden glorious colors twining
The shadow round, which saddened thee.

THE BROOK.

By the gurgling brook I'm sitting,
Seated on its mossy side;
Beauteous birds are near me flitting,
Singing vespers at eventide.
O'er the west a cloud of silver
Softly veils the setting sun,
And its golden fringes quiver
On the glowing horizon.

On the glowing horizon.

When my feet are softly pressing
Nature's emerald carpet fine,
When cool zephyrs are caressing,—
Kissing me with lips divine,—
When above in the blue ether,
Gemmed with stars, the queen of night
Blandly beams on all beneath her,
With her diadem's pale light,—

When around, above, below me
Is God's wisdom and his power,
I am happy, for they show me
Love is but the spirit's dower.

TO MY SPIRIT FRIENDS.

Oh! while I wait in darkness here,
Insphered in mortal coil 'mid tears,
My dear ones, who have gone before,
Who stand upon that upper shore,
Bend down your listening ears.

Oh! let me tell how oft I see
The wonders of celestial skies,
Their glorious brightness so refined,
Too dazzling for the mortal mind,
Too pure for mortal eyes.

And yet methinks beneath this shell
There is an eyesight not of life,
An inner sense that feels and knows,—
The spirit reaching, as it grows
Away from earthly strife.

Oh! is it this that makes me feel
And see the loved ones from that land,
Where they have journeyed long ago,
And God's high purpose rightly know,—
A happy spirit band?

I would not hasten his decree;
Would live the years that are my store;
But joys immortal I can see

Encased in dust; though chained I be, I mount to that bright upper shore.

ESTELLA.

Yes, my daughter, sweet Estella,
Did I not those blue eyes fringe?
Did I not those lips of coral
With their sweetness also tinge?
Like the purest alabaster,
Thy light form spread o'er and o'er
With a milk-white, soft envelope,
Breathing life at every pore.

Then thy beauteous brow with goiden,
Wavy tresses loosely spread,
Like a fairy of the olden,
With the sunlight on her head.

When the angels saw my brilliant
In its casket shining set,
Came and with a heavenly radiance
Looked and smiled a fond regret—
That they here awhile must leave her
To develop, to unfold,
But their guardian care they give her
As the angels did of old.

SOUL LOVE.

Love not, love not the perishing mortal;
Love ye the spirit, love ye the mind.
Life's frail form to earth's dim portal,
Though beautiful, must be consigned.
Life enshrined in this weak casket
Will prove fading, must decay.
Ask not love. Why should ye ask it!
When so soon 'twill fade away.

Selfish love twines in its lightness,
With egotism around one shrine,
Nor covering (as it should) with brightness
Earth's lone ones 'neath its sheltering vine.
Deep, earnest love from souls ascending
Lights up the way from earth to heaven,
Where with blest spirits ever blending
We reap the joys God's love has given.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

There's a spot in this world, 'tis the home of my childhood,

More sacred, more pure than on earth can be found.

How bright was its verdure, how various its wildwood,

Where hemlock and maple and cedar abound.

The oak, too, spread out his broad arms to the weather,

Inviting the conflict 'twixt him and the storm; By conquest emboldened, he combats to gather

New strength from the winds as they sway his huge form.

With Nature's own music the green boughs were ringing,

Each songster, self-taught, sweetly joins in the lays,

From their love-notes of joy their melodies springing,

They tunefully trill in the anthem of praise.

With beauty quite silent—yet speaking—the flowers,

With their faces upturned to the god of the sky,

Look their hymns of devotion with eloquent power,—

No prince of the earth with their glory may vie.

Oh! how can I paint that bright season of gladness, When Spring with her floral train verdantly gleams?

The white lambs were skipping, and the field where they gamboled

Spread its soft emerald carpet to the verge of the streams.

Those bright, rippling waters in their progress meandering

Along that loved green which our cottage enclosed,

And when laid on my pillow at night its soft gurgling

Lulled my senses to taste of the sweets of repose.

How lovely the lawn and how verdant the meadows,

Where the cattle were feeding. And, ah! the grass newly mown,—

As evening approached, how the tall giant shadows Fell across the new hay, as 'twas carefully strown.

- On the hillside the orchards stood fruitful and glowing
 - With apples and peaches, red, russet, and white, —
- The plums that were crimson, the ground they were strowing,—
 - To childhood's bright fancy how enchanting the sight.
- How placidly beamed the mild brow of my father,

 As he cheerfully supped when the day's toil

 was o'er.
- Contented, his smiles told, with peace he would rather
 - Enjoy his loved home than all earth's golden store.
- Although burdened with care, the sweet face of my mother
 - Shone radiant with smiles, and her blue, lustrous eyes
- Told the love and the care could be felt by no other Save her who watched o'er us like one from the skies.
- Time has sped on his car and through many years wandered,
 - The world's fitful sunshine and storm have been mine.

The pathway of life with its cares I've meandered,
Yet no home of my childhood shed its blessing
divine.

Long, long since, my parents, I've felt thy protection;

Long, long since thy counsel and love I have known;

Yet when bright hopes lie withered (on blest retrospection),

My memory dwells fondly on days that have flown.

ON RECEIVING A ROSE FROM A LITTLE STRANGER.

A noble boy, his black eyes shining, Gave me this lovely, fragrant rose. The dark brown curls his fair brow twining Are tossed by zephyrs as he goes.

And all unconscious of his beauty,
Which beams from out his soul-lit eye,
He skips and plays, never once heeding
Admiring looks from passers-by,—

Unconscious as the rose he gave me, He only feels his own glad heart, Which revels in an unknown feeling That of this life he forms a part.

Sweet boy, may angels guard and guide thee, Lead thee where peace forever flows, And joy in brightness twine around thee And keep thee pure, like thine own rose.

SONNET.

I wonder if she ever thinks
Of those bright roseate bowers,
Where we have sat together oft
And passed the golden hours.

I wonder if she ever thinks
Of her ringing laugh of glee,
Which echoes on the harp of time
And brings her back to me.

I wonder if she ever thinks

How from her azure eye

My spirit drank its light of love

Till it's gem-like fount was dry.

I wonder if she ever thinks

How love's persistent flame
Absorbed my every thought and wish
In her one worshipped name.

I wonder if she ever thinks

How much she was to blame,

To turn from me and all my love

And wed to wealth and fame.

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

- Oh, angel of peace! thy long absence deploring,
 We sigh the return of thy presence once more.
- We will give a glad welcome to thy smiles, restoring Thine own gentle light to our war-darkened shore.
- Oh, come! our fair land lies bleeding, and keeping Our homes and our loved ones by sorrow bowed down,
- Our widows are mourning, our orphans are weeping,
 - And darkness obscures all the rays from thy erown,
- Oh, Peace! art thou crushed, as with white drooping pinions

Thou watchest the dread storm of battles array!
Shall the wars thunder on, and hate's dark dominions

Claim our nation's best life-blood and waste it away t

Dost thou not see the parting of loved ones who languish,

With fear and despair for their warriors so dear?

Dost thou mark on the brow of our country the anguish

Of hope long deferred, which thou only caust cheer?

Then come to the hearthstones from whence thou wert banished,

And bless with thy presence this grief-stricken land.

Bring the "good will to men" which from us had vanished,

And reach forth the olive branch in thy fair hand.

IMPROMPTU.

My friends, I bid ye all adieu.
Smiles of fortune be with you,
Kindly faces ever meet you,
Loving arms reach forth to greet you,
Friendship's silken cords e'er bind you,
Love's gold arrows ever find you,—
Praise from lips that love to speak it,—
Money come where ye don't seek it,
Life's rough waves for you be even
And anchor safe at last in heaven.

LIFE.

- Our life is like a rapid stream meandering on its way;
- For, if awake, in sleep, or dreams, 'tis always night or day.
- Alternately each comes and goes nor checks the rapid flow
- Of smiles and frowns, of joys and woes. All make up life below.

THY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From supernal bowers,
Where immortal flowers
Bloom in their sweetness,
Comes an angel bright,
In her robes of white,
Basking in the light
Of her heaven's completeness.

Garlanded with truth,
The beauty of youth
Lights her brow with love celestial,
Around her willowy form
Glows a halo bright and warm,—
'Twould illumine every storm
Of the globe terrestrial.

Her own pure mother love,
From that holy world above,
Clasps her son in fond caresses,
And when sleep his senses seals
(And worldly thoughts in vain appeal),
To his inmost soul reveals
How that future life can bless as

Think, through all this weary life, Filled with sorrow, pain, and strife, That thy mother calls thee higher,—
Tells thee of her heavenly home,
Where joys immortal ever bloom,
Where she waits her son to come
To join her in God's angel choir.

LONG AGO.

Memories of the long ago,—
Back thro' many a winter's snow,
Back to childhood's happy hour,
When a light heart was my dower,
Back thro' years that since have fled;
Volumes lived, yet will be read,
When the heart recalls the dead,
The dear, lost long ago.

In that long ago I trace
Many a sweet and smiling face,
Many a brilliant, noble mind,
Many a form by grace entwined.
In my childhood's picture there
View I one with mind so rare,—
One who meteor-like thro' the air
Passed me long ago.

Little knew I why 'twas given,—
Just a beauteous flash from heaven.
How in the years that come and go
Thy truth should only brightness know;
So, when drifting down life's tide,—
Many a rough wave forced to ride,—
How happy to be dashed beside
The friend of long ago.

Long ago is past—and yet— Passed with many a vain regret; Gone with many a smile and tear, Varied with each passing year. Ah! the sympathetic word From thy heart so soon is stirred, Only tones so mild are heard From thy voice of long ago.

Blessings on thy kindly face,
Filled with eloquence and grace,
Lighted by thy soulful eyes,
Welcome as the starry skies.
Happy is the day we met,—
Happy we could ne'er forget
Our first meeting lingering yet
In the sweet, the dear old long ago.

ETERNAL LIGHT.

There is a land of light above,
Where joy marks every hearth;
Where God's eternal, heavenly love
Dispels the cares of Earth.

There is a land of love and flowers,

All brilliant in their bloom;

That land, poor pilgrim, too, is ours,

Through that dark door,—the tomb.

That land no sun nor moon reflects,
As on this earthly ball;
From God a beauteous sunlight streams
Direct through every soul.

There worldly passions enter not
That blest abode of light;
We nothing take from sorrow's cup
To mar a world so bright.

We live, and never mark the hours,
Nor count the flight of time,
For earthly hopes are blooming there,
In fragrance all divine.

TO MRS. S. ON CLAIMING TO BE MY SEVENTH DAUGHTER.

Fate when *not* an infant brought her Here, to claim her place with me,— Here, to be my seventh daughter. Seventh daughter she shall be.

Consanguinity not always
Gives a sympathy of mind;
But by soul to soul related,—
Thus our love is intertwined.

And through life our spiral pathway,
As it nears the fount of love,
Shall grow stronger, shall grow brighter,
Till we live in heaven above.

REMEMBERED.

I never, never can forget

Thy soul's deep looks of love;
They're beaming on my spirit yet,
Like angel lights above.

I never, never can forget
Thy soft and thrilling tones;

Their music banishes regret

And soothes my sorrowing moans.

Though fate the darkened die has cast
O'er all our future lives,
And thy dear presence cannot last,
Its memory still survives,

Alone deep in my inmost heart
Thy cherished image fills
So much of life,—its sweeter part
From thee its joy distills.

A beacon star of heavenly light Above life's stormy sea Is what I find whene'er I turn To memories of thee.

ON MY VERSES COPIED BY ONE OF MY CHILDREN.

The few pictures I have written
You have copied, dear child, here.
They will cheer you if you hit on
Their philosophy; 'tis near,—
Near to teach you love and wisdom
And forbearance towards the world;

Near to tell you that in progress

The soul's banners are unfurled.

Be ye calm, mild, and collected;
Learn to govern first your mind;
Then your sweet face, when reflected,
Will impart its influence kind
On those dear ones. You, like roses,
Beauty's sweetness give and take.
In this art the truth reposes,
If your happiness you'd make.

THE CLOSING LIFE.*

How I sit above the shadows

Of life's swiftly passing years,
Viewing from this height the springtime
Of my childhood's joys and fears.
Seeing, too, the summer's flowers,
As I breathed their fragrance bright,
When my life was in its fulness,
When my strength was in its might.

Further on I trace life's journey,
When the autumn fruit was ripe;

^{*}Supposed to have been written shortly before her death.

Golden rays of sunset gleaming,—
Of my life how sweet a type.
Now 'neath winter's leafless bowers
I am resting. Cold and bare
Are the branches I have cherished,—
Gone to meet and greet me there.

Dear ones, see me reaching towards you,
Mother, husband, loved ones all!
See! the night of age is passing,
Youth will come at morning's call.
How I view the long procession
Of my loved and lost of yore,
Straining my dim eyes to see them,
As I'm pressing to that shore.

Soon this soul will break its casket,
Soon on wings I'll soar away,
Soon the border-land of heaven
Will turn my night to endless day.
Soon I'll drop this age-worn mantle,—
Clothed in spirit robes so bright,
Freed from every earthly shackle,
Bursting forth to glorious light.

Sweet friends, draw aside the curtain,
Meet me at the open door,
Clasp my hands and bear me over
Where the light shines evermore.

Welcome, death! I do not fear thee;
For it is but by thy love
I shall gain a life eternal
In that land of peace above.

I shall find one of those mansions,

Which hath been prepared for me;
I shall feel at home in heaven,

And all its wondrous glory see.
But I'll not forsake my children,

Even in all that bliss above;
Daily I shall breathe unto them:

"Love each other," "God is love!"

PRIDE.

Pride has its uses,—one of bitter cost:
To check our friendship when its labor's lost;

To raise us when 'neath stern injustice' frown, And would-be greatness tries to put us down.

Pride should the servant, not the master, be (Far more becoming is humility);

But sometimes in it is our best defence,— When impudence mates up with lack of sense; When those we've loved doth meet us with a frown And cast the gem of friendship from their crown;

When your warm greeting's crushed by stiffened lip,

And hearty hand-shake met by finger-tip;

When eyes of love meet stony eyes that stare; When your frank look sees eyes that gaze on air;

When every act unto you plainly states Friendship's dissolved, and in the dregs lies hate.

Tis then our pride with dignity combined Will bid us smile on fate, and be resigned.

ROSES.

These are but the seeming fair Of the roses everywhere; Nature smiles from field and grove, Thrills our souls with God's own love; How we worship beauty's dower, When its grace adorns this flower.

Each soft fragrance charms the soul, As their petals bright unroll. What a world of work they do: Teaching lovers how to woo, Garlanding the wedding feast,— Types of purity and peace.

Triumphant wreathe the victor's brow (Joyous shouts will greet them now), In the chambers of the ill, Still their mission they fulfill; Silent, watching by the bier, Drooping towards the dead so dear;

Making with their perfume sweet Such a beauteous winding sheet. Pointing with their speaking eyes The grief-stricken to the skies; Showing how His love has given Flowers to strew the path to heaven.

THE SPIDER.

With Nature's voice to guard and guide her, How great a miracle's a spider; Her silken cord forever weaving, As from this place to that she's leaving Who taught this curious insect tiny, To build a home so light and shiny; So skilled in geometric measure, So formed for use as well as pleasure? Proudly she shows her pretty home, Inviting wandering flies to come, And from her parlor view the sky, And her luxurious hammock try. Oh, insect wily! Fie! for shame! To make your guest your hunted game.

COROLINN.

Today, my dear Linnie, your spirit comes home,
And clasps me in gladness as it used to of yore;
I feel your soft breath and sweet lips as you come,
And again kiss my darling so many times o'er.
The old times come back when my wee baby prize
Attracted us all by her dimples and smile,
And her azure eyes shone with a questioning surprise,
Saying, "What are you doing to baby the

Your brother and sisters all hastened to greet you
With kisses of love and child-wondering eyes;
Impatiently asked, "Oh! where did you get her?
Did she come from the earth or direct from the
skies?"

while?"

The years have passed swiftly and brought with them changes,

A woman, a matron, my Linnie is now;
But absence, nor time, nor distance estranges
The love of thy mother,—God's seal on thy
brow.

RAIN.

How musical the rain-drops, As they pearl their way along; All conscious of their gladness, They sing a joyous song. The pillow of the sleeper By enchantment is made sweet, As half in dreams he listens To the rain-drops' pattering feet. Welcome, sweet sound Of rain, come bound, Come softly fall And soothe us all To Morpheus' embrace. Oh! give us dreams And brightest gleams Of truth's pure diamond face.

I wonder if in sleep profound Our inmost spirit is unbound, And, while this form unconscious lies, Our spirits rise unto the skies.

CUPIDON.

No matter how wise, how pretty, or stupid, Each person in turns gets worried by Cupid. New friendships and absence applied to the heart Will banish the mischief and he will depart.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you,

Is the Golden Rule our Saviour taught to Gentile and to Jew;

He taught that love, unselfish love, should in our hearts hold sway

For friends and enemies alike; can we the rule obey!

- Can we obey it in the world where we jostle in the throng,
- And meet the various forms of life,—the rich, the weak, the strong?
- Can we reach our hands with loving grasp and raise up those who fall,
- And dry the tears from mourners' eyes, and aid and comfort all?
- Can we help the weak, and help the strong (for we can show our care
- And sympathy with those who strive for worldly honors here)?
- Can feel no envy, malice, hate, e'en for our worst of foes,—
- With patience bid sweet Pity's eyes all on their faults unclose?
- We must brace our hearts, if they grow weak, by saving "God is Love";
- Then count the blessings He has given, around, below, above.
- Must think what we ourselves would like, when doubtful thoughts arise;
- Then will our judgments suit the words descended from the skies.
- Oh! may we strive with earnestness and every force of will

To let the precepts given here thro' all our lives instil.

Oh! may we bless the time, the place that brought this rule so olden

To guide the way our feet should tread, by its own light so golden.

THE GIFT OF A RING.

About the sayings and doings of others I care not, Since my long absent friend has sent me a garnet; 'Tis a brilliant, a beauty, a gem of a thing And a type of true love is my bright little ring.

I will keep it and wear it and think of the past,— A memento of that which forever shall last. May no mark of unkindness it from me e'er sever, But remain the true circle of friendship forever.

JANUARY 1ST, 1862.

Hail! All Hail, New Year! Welcome, thou infant link of time!

How comest thou? Are thine eyes bright, Undimmed by tears of sorrow! Comest thou with rosy lips of love,

Thrilling with the kiss of affection for all Earth's children?

For thou comest to all,—

The high, the low, the rich, the poor.

The bond, the free, the wise, the ignorant,

The joyful, and the sorrowful all hail thy coming.

To them thou art the beacon light of hope,

Each praying thou mayest bring the dawn of peace;

Each praying thou mayest pour oil on the troubled waters

Now dashing on our storm-tossed Ship of State,

Almost wrecked on the rocks of dissension and disunion.

Oh, Spirits of the departed heroes of the Revolution!

Come to us on this New Years day!

Come and bring the holy influences of peace that

Surround you on the upper shores of Eternity

Impress our leaders with your wise, strife-healing influences,

Give them a love for unity and peace,—

That unity which characterized the councils of our forefathers.

Bring, oh, our departed fathers! the

Balm of peace to this dear land of ours.

THOUGHTS AT NIAGARA.*

Far behind the sheet of lucid pearls Of snowy, foaming, crystal water, Grew this emerald hair Upon the head of that huge rock-giant Who has stood still e'er since creation's morn, As if to listen to the music of Niagara. Entranced, he smiles forever, As he beholds on bended knee The mighty torrents worship; 'Twould seem that this inanimate Must feel the glow of animation When the bright and beauteous sunlight, Flashing 'midst the million diamonds Which bind with fairy wreath His stern, majestic forehead, crowns him With more than conqueror's diadem.

^{*}Suggested by a piece of moss I gathered from a rock, behind the great sheet of water at Niagara Falls

MY SPIRIT BIRTH.

When I am an angel,
Shed no tear of sorrow;
Lay this earthly casket
Early on the morrow
In earth's loving bosom,
To become a part
Of external Nature,
Throbbing in her heart.

When I am an angel,
Do not think me dead,
For this happy spirit,
From the body fled,
Lives in light and beauty,
Clasps forevermore
The dear ones gone before me
To that blissful shore,

Let no weeds of mourning
Mar the happy day,
When you lay this body
In the earth away;
Smile that I am happy;
Smile that you will come
To these spheres of beauty,
To our spirit home.

MY CHILDREN.

Were all the gems of all the earth,
Crown-brilliants to me given,
One gem immortal from its birth
Is worth them all,—and seven
Are more than wealth, or power, or *ame,
The Indies, East and West,
Or richest mines with diamond flame
Or flashing jewel's crest.

What though I'm poor in worldly wealth,
I will not be repining,
My every jewel of itself
Immortal is,— in shining;
And time can never change or mar
These brilliants God has given;
Their light to me a radiant star,
May prove a sun in heaven.

NATURE.

1 love the first roses of summer,
Before their bright petals unfold.
I love the first gushes of sweetness,
Which burst from buds crimson and gold.

I love the first glimpses of morning,
As the day-dawn streaks o'er the grey sky,
Growing golden and purple each moment,
As the day-god's glad presence draws nigh.

I love the first lone star of evening,
As it glitters on night's sombre brow,—
A herald that millions of others
Will follow and sparkle as now.

I love the young moon as its crescent,
Like an infant, lies cradled in white;
All the stars seem so happy in watching
To see its pure face gleam with white.

'Tis only a simple flower, only a simple flower, But the magical spell of its beauty is held In each chalice, with wonderful power.

MELODIA.

Deep within the holy temple
Of my inmost heart of hearts,
Shrined thy form is and my worship
Is from all the world apart.

There in true devotion kneeling,
With exalted thoughts and mind,
In one sigh of purest feeling
All my soul to thee's inclined.

Now I hear melodious music, 'Tis thy sweet entrancing tone, Spell-bound as I sit and listen, All life's day to me is shown.

Morning, noonday, twilight's vanished; Evening shadows find me still In the earth form, waiting, watching For the bidding of His will.

Watching for these worn out shackles,
Soon to break and set me free;
Bring me strength and youth and heaven,—
Bring me once again to thee.

FANCIES.

As brilliant fancies come and go, So beauteous in their seeming, They're heralds to this world of woe That *now* we're only dreaming.

We raise great temples to the skies, Which vanish ere completed, The airy mists from which they rise Take varying forms repeated.

Hope shines on all,—and all aglow
With wondrous colors blending,
They fade,—and show this world below
Shall sometime have an ending.

TO A GRIEVING FRIEND.

Why is dark sorrow on thy brow?
Why bid me wait in dread the history,
Uncertain what grief records now,
Whether 'tis death or doom,— a mystery.
If death, she is not dead,
Who in thy infancy hath pillowed thy young head,
Who, ever faithful to her trust and care,
First taught thy infant knee to bend in prayer,—

First fondly watched the genius that entwined Bright gems of thought around thy youthful mind; Saw Reason's jewels,—Truth's pearl-drops hence Take forms of life in thine own eloquence.

She is not dead! but lives in heaven and earth; She knows the causes of thy grief and mirth, And when dim night has shaded thy repose Her angel form comes near thine eyes to close; And when calm sleep has closed thine outward mind

She takes thy spirit with her own entwined And buoys thee upward to the gates of heaven; Shows thee the joys which death to her has given; Then with oblivion's coil thy mind engirths. And takes thee back to dwell awhile on earth. If near thee ever thou couldst feel at will The softening influence of her presence still,—Vice vainly tempts thee with voluptuous power, Or pleasure's siren weave for thee a bower; Vain are their wiles, if, deep within thy breast, Thy mother's image still shall be impressed; The virtues which by prayer to her were given Shall light thee here, and guide thee safe to Heaven.

MY LOVED ONES.

Sweet guardian spirits, ever be
With those I love and hold most dear,
And as my loved ones go from me
Avert all danger, every fear.
Imbue their minds with truth and love;
Send none but pleasure's purest rays;
Attract their thoughts to worlds above,
And fill their hearts with grateful praise.

Oh! make them feel thy presence, too,

And know thy care and love extends

From heavenly spheres the wide world through,

Where'er the fates their footsteps send.

In calmness may they judge the power,

Which guides them through this mortal life;

Guard well the bright immortal flower,

Whose perfume soothes 'mid cares and strife.

OUR ESTELLE'S BIRTHDAY.

The golden sun beamed brightly,
As he kissed the rosy morn,
And my heart was filled with gladness,
When my little Stelle was born.

No roses in the spring time
Had in early beauty blown,
But our cherub came and blessed us,
With a sweetness all her own.

Her blue eyes were filled with love-light,
On her ruby lips a smile,
And we thanked our heavenly Father
For the gift of such a child.

We caressed our little spring-flower,
And watched her life unfold;
E'en the poet-angels blessed her,
As the prophets used of old;

For they wreathed her brow with genius,
And they touched her lips with fire,
Till the sweet, wild tones of poesy
Breathe from her dulcet lyre.

FORBEAR.

If faults you see, so mildly chide,
So soft your words of counsel tell,
In friendship's breast your trust to hide,
Like diamonds dropping in a well.

Its glassy surface mirrors all
That's on its bosom brightly thrown,
And the pure brilliants, as they fall,
Sink shining heart-drops of its own.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Welcome this day, which to the number gives
One more to those of my departed years.
Chained to the past, its only record lives
To swell the number I am prisoned here.
Prisoned, for who bound to a clog of earth
Is free to mount on wings of hope and fly
Through the vast universe where worlds have birth
Or read the wondrous pages of the sky!

Darkly we see its spangled cover here.

Awed with the sight, we long to read its pag
View its great Author in His heavenly sphere,
And taste those joys immortal minds engage.

Yet we this chrysalis, grovelling state must bear,—
Must feel this earthly, clogging weight of clay,
Till dissolution bursts the bonds we wear;
Then, spirit-freed, we'll soar to realms of day.

THE DIFFERENCE

Blame from a friend is like a searing coal, Whose scorching fires burn deeply in the soul. Tis to the spirit like a poisoned dart, Dipped in the morbid gangrene of the heart,—A demon spell it over friendship sways, Corrodes our hopes, and darkens all our ways.

Praise from a friend is like a bauble fair, Borne by the wayward current of the air. We love the beauties of its golden cup, And gladly of its dewy nectar sup. It thrills our life-blood with delusive power, Then bursts,—the shining meteor of an hour.

But counsel from a friend is life's bright star, Which shines, if near us, and which guides afar. Its beams will find us when, by sorrow's pall, The sad, lone heart, despairing, gives up all; 'Twill cheer us onward by its brilliant rays, And shed a halo round our darkest days.

THE AGE.

This is an age of wonders

(Though some are mad and some are rash,)
An age when ancient blunders
Are fast resolving into trash.

'Twas once thought friends were absent,
When away 'mid distant scenes,
But now they talk by lightning
From New York to New Orleans.

And once the use of steam was

To machinery confined,
But in this age of dreaming
It leaves that far behind.
In this age the politicians,
Talking grave, and looking graver,
Turn their eyes and their ambitions
On the funds of public favor.

The lawyer must, to win his suit,

Use his intellect and reason;

He soon learns that by being cute
Is what depend his fees on.

The new school, Hygiencopathy,
Is giving health and growing bright,
While the old one, looking wrathy,
Pleads old errors as its right.

The bigot hurls defiance
At new theories of mind,
And with a club strikes Science
In her eyes to make her blind.
But Science, not depending
On her eyes to see at all,
Knows at this battle's ending
The enemy must fall.

"PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR."

Was it a fancy of thy youthful heart,
Which thy fond impulse into life could start?
Or was it really love with rosy brow,
Which crept within thy heart, and rests there now?
If love, no jealousy thy mind could move;
Its steady fire will its existence prove.
Pure love is faith, and cannot, will not doubt
Its source, if in this mortal sphere or out.

AT THE GRAVE OF DOUGLAS.

If the genius, the patriot, the statesman were *here* All hearts in deep sorrow, in bitter despair,

Would sob out their grief in the blackness of woe. That Freedom's great champion had fallen so low.

No! here lies the casket which once held the pearl: So dazzling and brilliant it blazed o'er the world, And attracted by beauty, attracted by force Its millions on millions in its light upward course.

True homage for freedom, true worship of soul Illumined his pathway as he neared the bright goal;

The nation's great heart in its pulses beat strong, As the name Our Douglas attracted the throng.

And the wildness of joy in loud shouts could be heard,

As his bright presence cheered or his eloquence stirred

The deep fountain of love for our country's great cause,

To battle for Union, Constitution, and Laws.

All party strife's buried, let no patriot heed them, But all raise their voices for Union and Freedom. Oh, Freemen! now rally with concentrated might, For our cause shall be blessed by the God of the right.

ON SEEING A SICK INFANT SLEEPING.

Little Cherub! sleeping, shrinking
From earth's sorrows and its cares;
Fell disease, thy life-blood drinking.
Soon shall free thee from life's snares
Like the beauteous rosebud blighted
By the early chilling frost,
So thy loveliness, though plighted
To thy friends, to them is lost.

All the joy thy coming gave them,
All thy beauty's opening bloom
All their love can never save thee
From the lonely, darksome tomb.
Parents, weep not when 'tis riven,
From thy fondest earthly love;
His cherub spirit soon in heaven
Shall chant the song that "God is love."

LIFE'S PICTURES.

I saw a mirror of capacious size,—
How beauteous 'twas its imaged forms to view,
Aerial colors floating on the skies
Looked in and smiled to see each gorgeous hue.

An infant lovely as e'er a poet's dream,
With eyes of wonder opened up so wide,
Hastened with toddling steps to reach the scene
That brought companionship to baby's side.

A bright young girl in dreamy, mystic white, With sunny brow and careless, flowing hair, Passed languidly before its surface bright, Then paused to view herself reflected there.

A youth whose willowy motions would remind
Of slender saplings out to breast the storm,—
A noble youth,—one moment stopped to find
If he was gaining manhood's stalwart form.

A matron's stately form and easy grace,
With flowing robes that followed in her wake,
With thoughtful look consults the mirror's face
And marked how swiftly Time his inroads
make.

An aged man, bending beneath the snow
Of winters numbering full three score and ten,
Looked, also followed back the flow
Of years whose brightness ne'er could come
again.

So on and off the various forms repeat,

And keep the pictures moving o'er the glass;

Sunshine and shadows, with their flying feet, Marking life's moments as they swiftly pass.

Oh! mirror thou art typical of life,
Youth sees on thy bright surface only joy,
But stern experience, cares, and bitter strife
Reflect the dross which doth the gold alloy.

But, bright or dark reflections though we make,
We soon shall fade. Oh! leave the surface
clear,

And memories of good deeds and kindness take

To shine back on us from the heavenly sphere.

"MORE CLEARLY I BEHOLD THEM NOW THAN THOSE THAT NEVER DIED."

How thy form, my angel Mary,
Ever near my spirit glides,
In the laughing joys of springtime,
In life's fitful surging tides.

When the rosy brow of morning
Scintillates with burnished gold,
Thy bright face the scene adorning
Comes with love and bliss of old.

When the noonday is redundant
With a full set jewelled crown,
Then thy clear brow shines resplendent
'Neath its wavy tresses brown.

When the stars above us sparkle
In heaven's brilliant dome of blue,
Gazing down in transports holy,
Are thy soul-lit eyes so true.

Thus all through life's fitful changes,
Struggling onward as I rove,
Thou shalt from thy heaven of beauty
Draw me upward with thy love.

1859.

This year has fled with all its joys and sorrows,
Gone from the present, joined unto the past;
The hours which made its dark or bright tomorrows
Are fixed, unchanged,—forever now they last.
Its record lives with other bygone years,

A tale passed back unto creation's morn,
Days bright with love, days dark with grief and
tears,

Days mingled with life's sunshine and its storm.

This year now gone, forms one more step in ages,
Which number eighteen hundred fifty nine;
No deep philosophy nor earth's great sages
Can change its name, renew its place,—its time.
A step it stands, held fast in numbered cycles,
A step that lifts us farther on our way
Toward the bright glowing of immortal beauties
That wait our ushering to an endless day.

UNRECOGNIZED GENIUS.

The deep sympathy my spirit bears to thine
Sees thee so lonely, thy aching head on thy frail
hand recline,

Feels that despair's dull mist thy mind has crossed, Thy hope's bright gems in life's dark ocean lost. Yes, 'tis my spirit hears and feels and knows Each gloomy thought that robs thee of repose, Sees thy heart's crater's black extinguished fire. (Which once burned brightly) all too soon expire.

Awake thee. Son of genius, know 'tis not of earth;
Thy power's from God,—is gemmed with heaven's
high birth.

Arouse thee. Should tempests rage and lower Around thy head, and dreary storms down pour,—

Firm on the rock of truth thy feet shall stand, The threatening waves will not submerge the land.

Now lift thy soul from its dull, tearful gloom, One spirit's ever with thee in thy lonely room. Joy, crowned with hope, shall twine thy clear, pale brow.

Would I could make thee feel its presence now.
Would I could lift from off thy life its gloom,
Immure thy sadness in oblivion's tomb.
Would I could light with happiness thine eye,
And see thy soul's bright sunshine in its azure sky.

ON RECEIVING A GOLD PENCIL, PRE-SENTED BY MY CLASS.

Receive my thanks for this, your friendly token,
Language cannot my pleasure all unbind;
True poetry of feeling is not spoken,
But lies too deep the surface soon to find,

Your time has passed at truth's bright shrine adoring,

Nor shall your worship e'er prove false and vain,

The useful pearls of knowledge ye are storing Shall shine on earth and live in heaven again. As time's swift car through future years is gliding, In retrospection I shall see you still,— Still feel the gratitude my spirit's chiding To flow in words, but cannot flow at will.

Whether my voyage in life be rough or even,
May you share every blessing earth can give
Its various joys be found again in heaven,
And God's own impress on your beings live.

SPIRIT POWER.

Great power of the universe,—Positive Mind,—Our Father and Mother forever combined;
Thy laws which are Love attract us to Thee,
We feel Thy great presence, too brilliant to see,
Encased in this form. Oh! help us to find
Thy essence in nature, thy presence in mind;
Thy power thro' creation, in planets and suns,
In their bright orbits moving, their starry course runs.

The power of Thy wisdom in beauty unfurled
In diamond light sparkling, each joy spangled
world

Shines on through Thy love and radiates light To guide us and cheer us and keep us aright. Thy love-lighted worlds on the soft azure skies Teach us in true worship when our own spirit's eyes

Look upward in love to the source of its birth. (No creed, priest, or layman is its herald on earth.)

The deep, hidden worship of truth in the soul Glows with purest devotion in language untold, Such eloquent silence, with its unuttered prayer, Goes out to all nature, earth, ocean, and air.

In the closet at night, when the bowed heart is open,

Then the world is in prayer, though much is unspoken;

Each soul reaches up, to its God would be nearer,—Would feel a new strength and a vision made clearer.

Oh! we would progress and with worship ascend Toward the great spirit fountain where world without end

Grows brighter and brighter as more power is given,
Till it shineth in beauty and blendeth in Heaven.
Oh! lift up our thoughts from the gods of this
world.

And our own selfish idols (from pedestals hurled)
Bring joy to our hearts and light to our eyes,
Then our souls like sweet incense shall unto Thee
rise.

PASS ON.

Pass on, pass on, ye days and years
Devoted to my brief, inglorious stay;
Pass on, dark world of grief and bitter tears,
For when ye've passed my chains shall fall
away.

Pass on, pass on, and bring the moments nigh,
When, mirrored in the heavens, my spirit
shines;

When what blind mortals dread and name "to die".
Shall clothe me there immortal and divine.

ADMISSION OF TEXAS TO THE UNION.

Come, sister, welcome to thy home;
Thy father's house with joy doth greet thee,
So long a "lone star" hath thou shone,
All freedom's sons shall rise to meet thee.

Rugged the path thy childhood trod,

E'en thy best blood thy land to save,
A rich libation poured, and God

Into thy hand the tyrant gave.

And when with conquest thou wert crowned And sought our great Republic's care, Then foreign intrigues circling round Thought to beguile thee to their snare.

But Liberty, the sacred shrine,
Inspired with love thine old and young,
Right manfully they kept the line,
And of their State, their "Star," they sung.

Thy name unsullied, thy fair brow
With thine own laurels now we twine;
Welcome, our sister! welcome, thou!
Our loyal hearts respond to thine.

"TUNE, SHAW."

This world is not a "fleeting show,
For man's delusion given."
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

And he who walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day

By wisdom's bright and steady ray Finds something here of heaven.

He who the Christian course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Has measured out his life's short span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

THE PUREST LOVE.

When 'round the silent, dusky earth
Night throws her ebon pall,
And sleep has hushed thy grief or mirth,
And lulled thy senses all;—

Softly an angel form draws near
And clasps thee in her viewless arms,
Presses thy lips,—still thou art dear,
Though heaven hath robed her in its charms

She knows the load thy spirit bears,
And with an angel's pitying love
Stoops from her heaven to soothe thy cares
And bless thy soul with light above.

Thy mother's spirit hovers near,

Death cannot change her tender love,

So strong, so deep, so pure, and clear, Though lent to earth, 'tis from above.

Fear not as round thy life's frail bark
Earth's rudest storms shall madly lower;
Thy angel mother's heavenly harp
Shall safely guide thee to the shore.

LIFE.

Life,—a mystery that none can unravel;
A bubble so brilliant we grasp at and marvel
That all its gay scenery is ever receding;
A volume unread, yet forever we're reading;
A bargain commenced, yet still not completed;
A secret not kept, yet forever secreted;
A mine, though discovered, its treasures concealing;
A stream, although hidden, its waters revealing;
A ship, though in port, yet forever 'tis sailing;
A merchant unbroken, yet always a-failing;
A message received, but still not delivered;
A measure unbroken, tho' each moment 'tis shivered;

A portrait that's painted with Time's iron crayon; Only finished when death his fast colors shall lay on,

BEYOND THE TOMB.

- The love no worlds can sever is the love we each shall bear,
- As we pass o'er time's dark river reaching for the perfect there;
- For the selfish, the ideal, with the form is left behind,
- Our true selves now see the real with more perfect peace of mind.
- This world we see receding; let us find one bright and fair,
- Its beauties far exceeding,—all that we call rich and rare:
- There we'll dwell in joyous raptures midst all its heavenly charms;
- Will crowd round our dearly loved ones and clasp them in our arms.
- We shall see and feel their presence, they'll be ours, the loved and lost;
- We shall suffer no more partings, never be by sorrow crossed.
- Death never more can take them from our loving arms again,
- Nevermore will fall the teardrops, never see our loved in pain.

As we lay aside this earth form, emerging from the dust,

How we must exult in gladness, bursting through the chrysalis crust,

All to rise to life immortal, all to clasp forevermore The dear ones gone before us to that blissful, upper shore.

Let us say to those we're leaving, "Weep not that we are free;

What is your short bereaving to eternal joys I see? Only a little longer will you, insphered in dust, Remain on earth to labor; be faithful to your trust, Subdue all selfish passions, see God in all enshrined, Work, worship, and develop your love for human kind.

SUSPENSE—CERTAINTY.

Suspense, thou terrible nerve-tearing curse,
Hoping the better, yet fearing the worst,
Following with auxious eyes, straining to catch
The dear hoped-for image,—how untiring we watch.
Every sound seems a footfall, every creak on the
stair,

And we start almost breathless to meet one not there,

Our hopes, that arose with a magical power, Die out,—as the clouds of suspense on us lower.

But nature so kindly, to balance her powers,

Throws some rays of sunshine on her heaviest
showers,

Gives strength to our hearts 'neath its weightiest cares,

Makes sure that some light in our darkness shall share.

Take courage; for hope from the lowliest tomb
Will arise and shine o'er us with rose-tinted bloom.
The bright tints may leave us,—may die or may
fade,

But hope's star will blaze in the midst of life's shade.

INGRATITUDE.

When from thy friends I saw thee far away, And illness marked thee for her languid prey, Who eased thy burning brow with anxious care, Thinking thus'twould be were thy mother there? And when love's shafts had pierced thy frantic heart,

Thou saw'st hope's star from out thy soul depart, Thy reason tottering on her ruined throne; Who then with pity made thy griefs her own?

And with unselfish zeal to heal thy woes
Spoke words of comfort for thy mind's repose?
Now through my care thou art restored to health;
I could not, if I would, give thee the wealth

Of love thy longing heart desires; Although no pure, but unjust, envious fires Are kindled there, filling thy soul with blight, Making of friendship's day a hideous night.

Thy disappointments on thy feelings grate; I know thy weakness. Is that cause for hate, Which, like a poisoned arrow on the wing, In treachery would, like slimy serpents, sting?



PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER.

As high the curling smoke ascends

To kiss the azure sky;

The prayerful spirit upward tends

To seek God's throne on high,—

Where, mingling with the blest above, All feelings are made pure, And when to earth descends their love, 'Tis fixèd, firm, and sure.

But if the mind is chained here
With selfish, jealous care;
Like a doomed culprit it will fear,
Despond, regret, despair.

Then let devotion lift the soul
Up from earth's maddening care
To heaven above,—the spirit's goal,
And leave its treasures there.

A SKETCH.

There's a cottage on the hill, Near the brooklet's laughing rill, Never quiet, never still.

Twined above the rustic door, The eglantine droops o'er Its dainty coral buds, a store

Of richness rare and bright.

While the blue lake just in sight;
A charm both day and night

Were its cheerful moods of rest, And its white and foaming crest, As the winds their power impressed.

The orchard, forest, flowers, With their sweet, attractive powers, Made this little cot of ours

A home so very sweet, That all nature seemed to greet Us, and the time it passed so fleet.

A fairy came one morn Our hearthstone to adorn, And with such a lovely form. Her fair face and eyes of blue Made us thank our God anew For his blessings ever true.

Time this child a matron brings; To her babies now she sings, All inspired with love she sings.

And in faith she ever prays That the angels' blessed ways May direct and guide their days.



TO AN ACTOR.

Long years have passed by since first on your brow The laurels of fame I unconsciously set,

With an eye all prophetic, the far distant *now*,

With its brilliant achievements, the glory

you've met

Unrolled on my vision gave me faith in the light

That shone o'er your youth, and your genius of
might.

Now the world wreathes your brow, and loud ring the cheers,

That greet the display of your histrionic art;
From the press and the people your glory appears,
And you dwell in the love of the popular heart.
Whatever your welfare, I shall feel every wave
That streams o'er your life, your strong spirit to
lave.

I shall follow you onward and up to that goal,
Your highest ambition has marked for a prize;
I shall watch every step, every flight of your soul,
As you raise your Excelsior flag to the skies.
I feel all your joys and your sorrows are mine,
For friendship's true tie has a right all divine.

AUGUST 31ST.

This is the anniversary of my birth,
Twice twenty years and two I've lived on earth.
This life's promiscuous cares I've wandered thro',
Received my meed of praise and censure, too.

Fame! Censure! What, but different kinds of breath,

One binds with thorns, one with a laurel wreath; Both may from grovelling ignorance arise, Or morbid envy, dressed in love's disguise.

Some think life's comforts all to youth confined, E'en though wild fancies flash across the mind, And set too high a mark for pleasure's prize, Which phantom-like flits before their wistful eyes, And leaves but disappointment, pain, and sighs.

Thus youth's a beauteous, evanescent treasure, Balancing ever betwixt pain and pleasure; Till grave experience' mild and thoughtful tone Teaches how both are nicely blent in one.

LET ME GO.

Let me go from this dim world of darkness and sorrow,

Where many hearts bleed over dear ones away; Let me go where the sunlight of love cannot borrow Such dark hues of woe, but forever is gay.

Let me go where the sweet smiles of lost ones are beaming,

Resplendent with beauty on that upper shore; Let me go where those fountains of joy ever streaming

Shall rise into glory of bliss evermore.

Let me go where no longer we grovel as mortals, And are to this dim speck of matter confined;

Let me burst this dark shell and arise to those portals,

Where streams of pure love-light illumine each mind.

Let me go where my spirit no more shall be pining; Where no selfish, dark fear shall usurp the control;

But the pure light of truth bathe my brow with its shining,

And God's holy presence encircle my soul.

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT GRAND. CHILD.

Little bud from beauty's flower,
So expected, thy sweet power
Filled our thoughts more full of love
And gratitude to God above.
Thou wert sent to earth from Heaven,
From that source whence all is given,
Placed on this material plane,
Scarcely here, snatched back again,
To pass on from year to year,
Ever towards a higher sphere.

Why, ah, darling child! didst thou
Come for just a moment now!
Did the angels bring thee here,
Just to test our love and care!
Did they whisper in thine ear,
"Take a glimpse of earth-life, dear;
Then we'll fly to worlds away,
Live in the light of endless day,
For of such as thou 'tis given
To make up the perfect Heaven''!

SONNET.

I wish I were the orb of day,
Which wakes the blushing morn,
I'd clasp thee with my brightest ray
And melt to light thy angel form.

I wish I were the deep blue sea,
I'd bear thee fondly on my breast,
My costliest pearls I'd give to thee
To keep thee in my fond caress.

I wish I were night's silvery queen,
I then would greet thy sunlit eyes
With love's soft, silent, soulful beams,
From out the lucid, azure skies.

I wish I were the breath of flowers,
I'd mingle with thine very own,
Till, lost in Eden's roseate bowers,
Our beings both were joined in one.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

Where'er thine ivy'd friendship twines,
World vain and false and frail and fair,
Like the cleft bark 'neath creeping vines,
It scathes the brow with sorrow there.

No joy on earth but bends to grief
And worships at a shrine of woe;
No smiles but what are rendered brief
By crystal tear-drops as they flow.

No love but seeks in vain to find Reflected in its idol's eyes, The image of itself enshrined, To bless alike with smiles and sighs.

Then when by keenest tortures rent,

The bursting heart itself corrodes,

Some new barbed arrow then is sent

By one whose word the spirit goads.

Oh! what is friendship worth that frowns
On woes it cannot feel or know;
What, but to weigh the spirit down
And mark the course for tears to flow?

"THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE."

"The Lord is in His holy temple,"
That temple in the skies,
Where the diamond tread of sparkling worlds
In their flashing brilliants rise.

Where the moon in smiling beauty Looks through her fleecy veil, And with her silvery shadows Tints mountain, hill, and dale;

How the earth in loving brightness Clasps this image to her breast; And the ocean in its grandeur Wears her smile and jewelled crest.

"The Lord is in His holy temple,"
And that temple is the air,
Filled with forms of tiny millions,
Filled with floating music fair;

Filled with life and golden sunshine, Giving out to each a share Of the glorious worlds created To spread beauty everywhere.

ETOLA.

Reason, that soul-star o'er our pathway lifted,
To guide in peace and harmony our love.
Shines with a radiance on the nobly gifted,
And lode-star-like attracts our thoughts above.

May this bright star shine ever o'er the temple,
Where all thy loves like sweetest roses bloom,—
Shine down beneath thy feet, then wilt thou trample
All selfish passions to oblivion's tomb.

Thy life will then on earth begin its heaven,

Thine eyes no more be dimmed by sorrow's tears;

Thy soul to peace, thy heart to love, be given, And hope's bright star shine ever radiant here.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Oh! our angel friends above us,

Come illume our darkened sphere,

Let us know that still you love us,

Let us feel your presence here.

As through earthly scenes we wander

Filled with selfish views and cares,

Let us feel—above us—yonder,

Ye are bent o'er us in prayer,

If our morning's sky is darkened
Shadowed o'er with deep despair,
Let us know that ye have hearkened,
And our troubles kindly share.
As Aurora, smiling, blushing,
Gilds the roseate morning sky,
Let us see the light that's gushing
From immortal dear ones nigh.

TO MY HUSBAND.

Dost see our angel mothers near us, Beckoning us from earth away? Oh! how their loving smiles endear us, Pointing to realms of endless day.

Husband, from by-gone days thy casket
Of memory brings its sacred pearls,
They'll twine thy brow, if ye but ask it,
With gems immortal in this world.

For is not memory here immortal,

The living, deathless soul of thought?

The light that radiates thro' death's portal,

The crown from God by angels sought?

Now all so pure, so bright, so chastened, Our mothers bring their guardian love. Too soon, too soon from us they hastened To join the heavenly choir above.

Oh! doubt not that our angel mothers

Can see our many griefs and cares,

And know their cause, and, with the other,

Each their turn in patience bears.

Dearest, holiest, guardian spirits,
Fill our hearts with love and bliss;
Let us feel that we inherit
Heaven, before our leaving this.



AURORA.

Aurora's warm blushes
Shine through the grey morn,
And the zephyr's breath hushes,
As each rosebud is born,
The dewdrop still nestling
So sweet in its cup,
So pearly and gemlike,
Till the sun drinks it up.

The sun is an archer,
With millions of bows,
And speeds his gold arrows,
As onward he goes,—
The Cupid of nature,
His love-given darts
Stick close in the worship
Of millions of hearts.

Hearts rose-like, hearts gem-like,
Hearts beautifully true,
Hearts from this gold fountain
Their pure essence drew,
That gives back prime sweetness
To nature around,
Reflects every image
And reciprocates sound,

Until through all nature
In harmony play
The Great Author's music,—
Each lyric a lay,
Each rosebud a harpstring,
Each zephyr a sound,
Which the musical forest
Re-echoes around.

And the hoarse voice of oceanIn its murmuring roar,
Beats time with its surges,
As they dash on the shore.
'Tis the base in the concert,
And its full, dreamy voice
Tells that ever a presence
Is singing rejoice.



A PORTRAIT.

This brings thy presence near,

As when Love upon us smiled;

I hear thy voice so dear,

In tones so soft and mild.

That intellectual brow

Enclosed thy thoughts serene;

Ah! how it speaks e'en now,—

It tells of a joy that's been.

The music of the past
Is lingering near me yet.
Where'er my lot be cast,
I never can forget.

Fate forged the iron bars,

Which shut me from thy side;

I tell unto the stars,—

Love from the world I hide.

We ne'er again shall meet,
And yet I feel that never
Shall distance, worldly joys, or years.
Our fond remembrance sever.

FASCINATED.

Of all the crowd I saw but one
Whose bright, bewitching glance
Fastened my gaze on her alone
And left my soul entranced.

Her head was classic, and her hair A softly golden hue, Her form was symmetry so rare, Her eyes a heavenly blue.

Oh! could she know how deep enshrined Her image in this heart, She would not, could not, ever find The power to say: we part.

MABEL'S BIRTHDAY.

This morning is as sparkling
As one some years now gone,
When an angel, from his cherubs,
Brought our newest, sweetest one.

And so our little Mabel
Came with the birds and flowers,
When summer wore its golden crown
And lengthened out the hours,—

When the lightest, daintiest zephyrs Kissed her round and rosy face, And the bluest skies smiled down upon Her budding, baby grace.

Her tiny rose-tipped fingers Reached out to catch the light, And her lovely blue eyes followed All, wondering at the sight.

Time has sped with magic swiftness,
Caring naught for hopes and fears,
It finds our bud a blossom
'Neath the light of sixteen years.

Many lofty thoughts inspire her
To reach knowledge's shining goal,—
High resolves and high ambitions
Find her name on honor's roll.

May the light that now is burning
In her heart prove strong and true,
May her feet march on securely
Seeking grace and wisdom, too.

May this happy, joyous birthday
Be repeated o'er and o'er,
And the flowers of love be twining
Round her life forevermore.

ELOQUENCE.

That magic power commenced its reign in Eden,
Luring our parents from their Paradise,
Filling their senses with its potent bearing,
Till naught else there could charm their wistful
eyes.

Hail, mighty Eloquence! To thee 'tis given To govern with a despot's iron will,To bind to earth, o'erturn the laws of heaven,Then gild thy fetters with a magic skill.

By thee are kings and kingdoms made or riven,
Whole states and empires set to rise and fall
In senate halls,—e'en God's own temples given
To thee, thou art so sure to govern all.
Yet two-faced, thou: one shows thee pure and holy,
Letting the oppressed of earth thy mercy share,
Reaching thine arms to raise the poor and lowly,
Guiding the weak with all a brother's care.

Thine other face is dark and evil-minded,
With eyes that watch to snare unwary feet,
Thou stealest into hearts all unprotected,
The young and innocent thou striv'st to meet.
The good and evil thou; these wondrous powers
Are battling with each other for the might;
Evil shall die, and good shall reign triumphant,
For God is ever, ever with the right.

EVA'S FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

Oh! sun with golden beams, Illumine all her day dreams; Make the sweetest roses blow: Make the laughing waters flow; Make the starry worlds arise In glittering grandeur o'er her skies. Make her see the silent power That opens every bud and flower; And grace her brow with the lovely gem Of truth's most precious diadem.

A PETITION

Oh! sweet angel friends above us, Come and light our darkened sphere, Let us know that still you love us, Let us feel your presence here. As Aurora, smiling, blushing, Lights the roseate morning sky, Let us see the light that's gushing From blest spirits ever nigh.

If our noonday sky is darkened By the clouds of sorrow here, 135

Let us know that you have harkened
To our sobs of deep despair.
As on earth so dark we wander,
Filled with selfish views and cares,
Let us feel above us, yonder,
You are listening to our prayers.

UNFORGOTTEN.

Memory with her tablets gold And familiar smiles of old, Bears thy image ever on, Though the years have come and gone.

In my soul's deep starry light Glows our cherished love so bright. Friends may fail and fortunes fall; It shall shine above them all.

Month to month and year to year, Thy remembrance ever dear Keeps anew within my breast Happy hours when we were blest.

Wide our paths in life diverge, Where we shall at last emerge Is not given us to know, As the years doth onward flow.

Still we never shall forget Until life's bright sun is set, Then our mutual love shall rise Brighter still in heavenly skies.

"LOVE NOT."

Bid me not love! Go tell the sun To stop the golden hours, Nor mark the sands of life that run, Nor kiss the dew from flowers.

Bid me not love! Go tell the stars

To hide their holy light,

Leave earth in gloom, and man in wars,

Wrapped in absorbing night.

Bid me not love! Go tell the moon Her silvery course is run, That breathless Nature in a swoon Lies gasping—life is done.

Bid me not love,—my soul is hid In sorrow's darkest pall, Hope shuts on earth a coffin lid, And darkness covers all.

Oh! bid me love,—for God is love,
And worlds His love has wrought,
Filled them with light from heaven above,
And peopled life with thought.

Oh! bid me love,—'tis life's best boon,
From God to mortals given,
To light our path beyond the tomb,
And raise our thoughts to heaven.

ST. HELENA.

St. Helena! thou outcast from all the green earth,
With thy rocks piled amidst the lone wave,
Thy laurels are wreathed, and the place of thy birth
Ne'er shall be hid in oblivion's grave.

Thou hast pillowed that head, once radiant with power,

That form by the world held in awe,

Those eyes 'neath whose glances earth's princes did

cower,

And whose mandate gave nations a law.

His glory so brilliant like Sol's brightest rays Illumines all objects around,

And thy sere barren rocks are made bright with its blaze,

As when icebergs in sunlight are found.

Sere Island! Ah! never shall England or thee

Look on one who may vie with his might.

Ah! never again shall such a star be

Quenched by cowardly, withering blight.

SPRING—SUMMER.

When Spring with her sweet buds all golden and green

Had spread her bright carpet with roses between, And the round sun had lifted his mantle of gold To clasp our dear earth, and those buds all unfold,

The music of nature our spirits entranced,
As the brooks, the gay song birds, and zephyrs all
danced,

The deep silent forest was swayed by all these To spread out the sheltering arms of her trees.

Each day tarried longer, each night grew more fair, Her jeweled crown set with world-diamonds so rare Wooed the sod to be greener, while buds, fruit, and flowers

Declare it is Summer, with all its glad hours,—
'Tis the season that crowns all the others with love,
With golden fruit harvest and murmurs of doves.

How we seek the deep forest in worship and awe, Mark the tree-tops reach heavenward and obey the great law

Which governs the circuits of millions of worlds, And each planet decks with electrical pearls,—

Holds in place our fair day-god, too brilliant for gems,

Which he scatters in rays over mountains and glens, And his love-light he flings over meadows and trees, And sets the wild song-birds' soft trill to the breeze.

Down deep in this globe his rays turn to gold
And diamonds uncrystallized, until they are cold,
Many gems in earth's bosom in darkness concealed
Soon will burst on the world with their beauties
revealed.

THE INNER TEMPLE.

There is a power of joy and love
Which hangs from heaven suspended,
But when with hate we cut the string
Our happiness is ended.
There is within the darkest mind
An inner temple shrouded,
Which, could love's truth an entrance find,
'Twere light where now 'tis clouded.

Oh! search for truth, it shall reveal
This temple else benighted;
Seek wisdom, such a joy you'll feel
To see its spires all lighted,
For then 'twill shine on all below,
Its luster all o'erspreading
The darkened paths of human woe,
So many feet are treading.

THE HILL TOP OF LIFE.

My reasoning life is just begun,

The once so dark is now all clear;

Some places hidden from the sun

Now shine in undimmed atmosphere.

I've travelled far upon life's road,
So many milestones left behind,
O'er hill and dale I've dragged my load,
And up its rugged cliffs I've climbed.

It is not strange that I can see
Into the valleys I've passed through,
And that the light is given me
To reach the heavens' cerulean blue.

For when we stand upon life's height,
With all its winding paths below,
The inner eye will pierce the night,
And find where heavenly blessings flow.

That inner vision will unroll
The beauties of celestial skies,
Will mark the progress of the soul,
Winging its way to Paradise,—

Will feel the hands of loved and lost,
Who reach to clasp them in my own,
Will know life's barque once tempest-tossed
Will reach the haven of its home.

'Tis reasoning wipes the mists away
And clears the glass for me to see,
Shows me the dawn of perfect day,
The sunrise of Eternity.

FAREWELL.

Another year has set his signet on thee,

And thy fond hopes and fears are all his own,

They mark the record of the things that be,—

Of eyes which wept, or smiled with joy that's flown.

So shall thy life pass on, and coming years
Be numbered with the five and twenty past;
And love and sorrow, happiness and tears
Shall fill life's pages, even to the last.

Could I but write them, they should be replete
With friendship, honors,—every worldly bliss;
Fond hearts with pleasure should thy coming greet,
And thou shouldst feel Dame Fortune's magic
kiss.

But I, alas! can bring thee but my will,

My wish, my prayers, that thou be ever blessed;

Thy cup of joy unto the brim I'd fill;

Thy brow I'd crown with fame's most brilliant crest.

Now change declares an unknown path for me, Which tread I must, though where, or how, or when

Is left for fate to issue his decree,

And me to read the fiat of his pen.

If written with the sable touch of woe,

It never mere shall seek to cross thy way,
Shall follow never where thy steps shall go,

Or mingle in thy pleasures with the gay.

Farewell! Ah! since farewell must now be spoken,
It lingers o'er me like a magic spell,
Which will not break, ah! now it breaks,—is
broken,—

Farewell! Alas! forever fare thee well.

TO COLONEL ROBERT KLOTZ.*

When to meet thy country's call
Thou gavest up friends and pleasures all
And hied thee o'er the bounding wave
To find but glory or the grave,—

Thy heart with patriotic beat Determined not to brook defeat, Thy bosom swelled with warrior pride, And as thy comrades at thy side

Fell one by one till all were gone,
'Twas then thy trying hour had come
Thy spirit rose in that dread hour
All nerved with more than earthly power,

^{*}Only survivor at the National Bridge in Mexico.

And dealt with surer aim the blows Which struck to earth thy deadliest foes, Till darkness, as if thee to shield, Spread her black curtain o'er the field,

Hiding alike the quick and dead, O'er all her sombre pall was spread. Through all the battle's deadly strife, What angel form did shield thy life?

And stayed Death's arrow aimed at thee And bade the avenging angel flee? Unharmed thou wert by Heaven's high will And spared to serve thy country still.

Cheered by youth and welcomed by age, Thy deeds of valor grace history's page; The laurels wreathed round thy manly brow Shall be honored in fature years as now.



ANSWER TO A VALENTINE.

Your heart I'm sorry here to find In such a common place, With ink and paper so enshrined ('Tis really a serious case), And she who shall your hand receive, When here your heart she'll see, Will weep, so sadly will she grieve To know 'twas sent to me.

MID OCEAN.

Far as the eye can reach, 'neath heaven's own blue, Naught but the sea, the sky, and our stanch steamer

Between two worlds,—the old and our own loved new:

I watch the sunset's last departing shimmer. How gorgeously he laid his colors on And o'er it all threw rays of streaming gold, Clouded with pink and blue the horizon Stretched far away,—his treasures to unfold.

At last Sol goes,—he sinks beneath the waves,— The pink, the blue, and all the gilded light 146

Has followed him to sleep in watery graves,
And angels draw the curtain folds of night.

Then Luna with her pale and gentle face
Smiles down upon our moving, restless sea;

She calls the stars to their accustomed place,
And crowns herself in heaven's own brilliancy.

Old ocean, gazing on so fine a crest,

Smoothes out the wrinkles from his bosom wide;

Then mirrors those bright worlds upon his breast And wears those sparkling gems with conscious pride.

With gentle breath he softly kissed our brows;
How tenderly he bore us in his might,
Lulled all our senses to repose in sleep,
And carried us to dream-land for the night.

HOPE'S STAR.

Oh! shall we despond while, with vision still free, We can gaze on the sky, the earth, and the sea; While the sun can awaken a burst of delight, And the stars are a joy and a glory at night; While the harmony throughout all nature can raise In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise. Oh! let us no longer then vainly lament Over scenes which have faded, and days which are spent,

But by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance, On Hope's waving banner still fixed be our glance. Should fortune prove cruel and false to the last, Let us look to the future and not to the past.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

Why does time's unerring finger
Point to this from other days,
Why do tender feelings linger,
From its dawn to evening's rays?

Why does memory's golden circle,
Linking back with other years,
Clasp thee longer, hold thee stronger,
Till thine eyes are filled with tears?

'Tis that dear ones come around thee,
With their tender smiles of yore,
With the love at first which found thee
Helpless,—needing all its store.

Then, as years on years passed o'er thee, Others came to claim thy love; One by one they've gone before thee
To the spirit world above.

Their brief lives made earth much brighter,
Their deep faith is drawing thee
Towards that goal where all is lighter,
Into life's eternity,

THE DYING YEAR.

The old year is dying, his pulse is so slow, His lifeless form is drawing near to those of long ago.

He is a sage, has seen red war
Succumb to calm white peace;
The raging passions thrown aside,
The clang of battle cease.
The seeds of future government
Are in his pallid hand,
Which soon shall germinate to life
And bless our native land.

All Hail! Our government of truth!
Which shall the poor enfold;
With liberty for age and youth,—
All names are there enrolled.

Illustrious banner, to the breeze
Be thy blest folds unfurled,
And spread abroad from freedom's sun
The light to bless the world.

SNOW.

How purely white the snow, As its feathery crystals go In the atmosphere around, Floating gently to the ground. How the snowflakes part and meet. Noiseless falls their feathery feet, As they leave their home on high, Far beyond the wintry sky. How it rests on house and hill, All so silent, white, and still, All so glittering, it appears Fallen from the starry spheres, With its soft and tuneful sighs, As it wavers from the skies. Do you think the snowflake hears! Tells God's power to mortal ears? Does it whisper of His love In their cloudland home above 4

- Gentle, celestial snow, covering the earth like a shroud,
- Falling on high and low,—floating from you white cloud,
- Softly ye rest on the ground, on fence and housetop and tree,
- Mantling all around with thy robe of purity.
- On the graves of the rich and poor fallest thou,—all alike:
- Hearts that from sorrow died sore, rest 'neath thy covering white.
- Children of grief and care,—lives all unblessed by love,—
- Their tombs receive a share of God's favors from above.
- The lowly dirt-heaped mounds, unmarked by stone or flower,
- In pureness now abound,—a proof of wisdom's power.
- So in the world above God's goodness will shield all;
- He guides and rules by love, He raises those who fall.

ON VISITING A MAGNIFICENT PARK.

Garden of mystery, wonder, and power,
Nature must love thee to give such a dower;
Art, too, has crowned thee with grace and with
skill,

While music's voice lives in the rivulet's trill.

Thy mountains of emerald are by soft zephyrs fanned:

Thy grand old trees whisper in accents so bland;
Thy rich-throated warblers inspired by thy grace,
Sing their sweet thrilling notes in glad music and
praise.

Thy pathways meandering o'er hill, dale, and glade,—

Shutting out the sun's heat by the coolest of shade. Thy surprising ravines, hidden grottoes, and rills Where diamond-bright waters leap forth from the hills.

All, all these enchant me and lift me above,

Show how great is man's power through God's glorious love.

How I feel inspiration encircle my brow, My spirit's fine harpstrings are tuned soft and low,

While Nature is crowned, by Nature's own hand, With all that is beautiful, majestic, and grand.

Ah! the fame of that grandeur spreads far o'er the world

On banners borne high, to the breezes unfurled.

CHILDHOOD'S EDEN.

When first our young existence feels
Heaven's balmy breath around;
Joy lights the eye and truth reveals
But nature's tuneful sound,

The thrilling chords strike ecstasy

To each infantile thought,

Earth seems to us a Paradise,

With heaven's own gilding fraught.

Happy could sin ne'er blight the mind,
Or sorrow scathe the soul;
Happy could earth's dread knowledge bind
To naught but heaven's control.

MY CHILDREN.

Oh, inspiration! Come below,
From thy bright mountain height,
And round my Genius flowers strew,
And bring my muse a light
And let her soar from star to star,
To search 'mid worlds unknown,
And gather gems of thought before
She gains earth's horizon.

Oh! let her not come back to me,
Until, with cheerful hands,
She's gathered from the brilliancy
Of stars and summer lands.
Let her not come until from bowers
Of beauty, truth, and love
She's plucked the brightest, sweetest flowers
My soul inspired could move.

For I would form a wreath of gems,
A tribute high would bring
To this my clustered diadem,—
My childrens love,— I sing.
And it will take the treasures rare,
Of words and deepest thought
To join the music of my song
To all the joys it brought,—

To tell how through a life 'most gone
These clustered jewels shone,
Brightening with every loving care
The years that's swiftly flown.
My steps, though feeble, soon will gain
The happy border-land;
But, oh! my love can never wane
For this dear loving band.

IN A DIARY.

The records here given may be but repeating
Those written in journals before;
The incidents vary, yet time is as fleeting
And garners the years in his store.
Every step we are taking we surely are making
A record this life will outlast,

As we go through time's portals and merge to immortals,

We shall smile as we think of the past.

For when I go where my dust last reposes

'Twill all be smiling with the sweetest of roses.

TO A FRIEND.

Only a link from out thy golden chain,

A tiny link so beautiful and bright;
Only a note lost from the soul's refrain;
Only a star that's dimmed its heavenly light;
Only a fountain letting its ripple cease;
A brooklet drying on its gravelly bed;
A bird whose notes have sweetly warbled peace,—
All droop beneath the darkness overhead.

Only a flower from out thy heart's bouquet;

A leaf that's plucked, torn from thy brightest rose;

Only a spot, which shows how deep decay
Has marked thy love, destroying thy repose.
What, then! all flowers must fade; oh, heart!
Must cast their loving fragrance on the air;
And "dust to dust" for them, too, is a part
Wise Nature has decreed that they shall share.

And birds must die, and fountains cease their flow,
And rivulets their murmuring ripples still;
All finite things a change must undergo;
And naught is deathless save the human will.
Oh, human heart! thy deepest, holiest power,
Thy noblest thoughts and feelings spring from love,—

A love that outlives all, e'en death's dark hour, And shines forever on in heaven above.

Such love was thine; thou'st fondly thought
Thy soul had found its own true, loving mate.
Alas! suspicion for thy treasure sought
And marked its brightness for a cruel fate;
Seeing thy roses fade, thy warblings fail,
Thy chains unlinked, all thy heart music cease;
Reads but another oft-time, oft-told tale
Of love destroyed, unrest dethroning peace.

"Love free as air, immortal, unconfined,"—
Heaven cannot chain, or earth with fetters bind;
How then shall mortals here direct thy sway
Or bind thy viewless wings to forms of clay?
Shall tiny man presume by human laws
To chain the effect without the parent cause?
Bind, if thou wilt; but recollect thy force
Destroys the life and leaves a ruined corse,
And when thou seekest that, too rudely grasped,
Will find it from thy selfish power has passed.

TO MY BASHFUL FRIEND.

Why with diffidence is thy soul oppressed?

And why suffused thy cheek with blushes of carnation?

Unbidden by thy will come they then?

Or is the fountain of thy soul so stirred thou couldst

Not stifle them? List, then, these are the Silent speeches of thy mind, distrustful of itself, Distrustful of its powers,

While it doth magnify those powers in others.

It knows not they are all its own, and by the

Sunbeam touch of cultivation would spring forth

with

Lustre far too brilliant for thee e'er again to doubt.
With self-abasing eyes still dost thou look on those
Rare pets of Fortune, chained to luxury's car by
Shackles formed of massive gold, the glare and
splendor

Of whose equipage thy spirit shrinks from.

Can all this yellow dust e'er add one cubic inch to

Intellectual worth?

Can the free spirit e'er be chained with gold?

Or its fires extinguished by the blight adversity can bring?

No; 'tis a spark of Heaven's own kindling, Lit up by Him whose being is Omnipotence. Nor pomp, nor pride, nor worldly grandeur E'er ennobled its ethereal powers, but, like that great

Eternal power from whence it came, Claims all supreme for its own contemplation. Knowest thou not "The rich man is at best

A pauper fed on Heaven's own bounty''? Or why dreadst thou the

Intellectual brow wreathed round with laurels?
Or thick studded with rich diamonds whose very lustre is

The glow of toil and labor to those who wear them? Knowest thou not he found the diamond Only rough at first, ill-shapen, and the grace and Brilliancy thou see'st comes from the plane and Pruning knife of cultivation!

Dost thou still thyself distrust !

Look over life, as on the ocean surge of time 'tis moving,

View it merge in bubbles fair, which one by one Arise, float on the wave with brilliant face to Heaven upturned,

Catching the genial warmth of those sure
Fires of intellectual beauty, which thus expand it
More and more, and, when most beautiful and still
expanding,

The bubble bursts, and mind which thus to us appeared so

Beautiful while in its fragile casement Is etherealized.

The wreck, alas! no longer fit for our sad gaze, Is laid in earth's cold bosom

For who would witness the fell ravages

The death-worm's revel makes?

Or the horrors of decomposition, when every element

Claims its own portion of the

Soul's frail tenement!

Thus now thou see'st in life's true portrait

The microscopic speck of man's existence;

See how it takes its rise from nothing, and see how Poor and frail its materials.

And that, however various are the fortunes which Here attend us,

Yet all alike we took our rise from nothing. And all alike resolve into those elements Held here in bondage by this brief period of Probation.

Why shouldst thou feel abased before mortals Like thyself? Spread out life's chart before thee; Contemplate it well,

And thou shalt feel the *nothingness* Of human pride and human cultivation.

TIS ONLY SMALL ACTS.

The little things mark most our path in life;

The flowers here and there, the warbling birds,

The sun's bright rays, when we are in the strife

Of the busy world and by its tempest stirred;

of the busy world and by its tempest stirred:

These leave their impress on the heart, and form

A green isle there which time ne'er wipes away,
Their lights flash through the darkness and the
storm,

Showing us glimpses of the coming day.

'Tis seeming trifles that make up our world of love; How one sweet word well-timed and rightly spoken

Oft lives in memory till we're called above,—

A magic power, whose spell can ne'er be broken

'Tis little acts that show the heart's devotion;

That thoughtfulness which spares the loved one pain;

That care we use (when any deep emotion Saddens the heart) to bring back smiles again.

Then let us give kind words and loving glances,
And try to leave behind our paths a light
That's brightened many a footsore, weary wanderer,
And brought some rays into their sombre night.

Oh! let us feel we all are God's own children,— He made us all,— to Him no high, no low.

Oh! let our love, like unto His, grow wider,
And through earth's channels ever sweetly flow.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Though many brighter flowers there be Than this sweet emblem sought, They never'll have that charm for me Like my forget-me-not.

So beauty, youth, and grace may shine Where friendship holds no sway, And all their brilliant charms combine, Yet not the less repay;

Talent extend her sceptre, too;
Wit bring her sparkling gems;
Yet, if these only I should woo,
How sombre were life's lens.

But if to these a heart most true

It's fondest worship brings,

And love's best offerings ever strew

My path with happy things,—

I can love, also, and our vews
Will gild life's humble lot,—
My queen she'll be,—upon her brow
I'll twine forget-me-not.

MY NEPHEW'S TOY WATER WHEEL.

Yes, I saw thee, smiling genius,

Just beneath the branching tree,

With a look of interest, saying,

"How can this wheel turn for me?"

Soon the sparkling waters ripple,

Passing o'er the pebbly ground;

So in joyousness he's laughing,

For his wheel turns round and round.

Oh! how curious 'tis to see it,—
Such a motion, such a sound.

Would I from its base could free it,
And still the wheel go round and round.

This absorbed his childish fancy,—
Could not with his school-mates play,—
The wheel within his brain seemed turning,
And would attract his eyes that way.

Oft alone in silence sitting, Planning what the wheel shall do, With his penknife always whittling,
Still contriving something new.
Watch the future, the unfolding
Of his genius to the world,
As we see the steam horse snorting,
Belching fire with smoke that curled,—

Iron bone and iron muscle,
Iron nerve and heart and brain,
As his fiery nostrils snuffle,
Or as flows his steaming mane,
While his wondrous force like lightning
Flashes round the rim of earth,
Freighted with all kinds of burdens,—
Hearts of sorrow, joy, or mirth.

This to genius is a treasure,

Though for him the toil of years;
Yet success, his crowning measure,
Comes amid the loudest cheers.
In the distant future see him
Some new force in nature find,
Floating in aerial splendors,
Use and elegance combined.

So his spirit, struggling onward, Mounting high the cliffs of time, Overcomes all doubts and dangers, Lends his light to every clime.

VERSES FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE FROG.

In the brook on a log
There was a little frog.
His back was so green,
And glowed with such sheen,
That you never could guess
What made up his dress;
In some deep hidden mine
He found emeralds fine

And decked himself out
Till he looked round and stout.
The texture of his clothes
And the shade from head to toes
Were as green as the trees
In the soft summer breeze.
This frog from the brook
Started up with such a look

Of the greatest surprise As he gazed in my eyes. I was almost afraid To ask him who made That beautiful gown For fear he would frown; But I said, Mr. Frog, Who dwells in a bog,

Who jumps ever so high To catch a big fly, Who talks to the birds In your own funny words, Who sings a queer song The whole summer long, Who sits by the brook With such an odd look,

And watches to see
Big folks just like me;
I make you my bow,
So please tell me how
You found such a bright dress
And a fine emerald crest.
Then he squinted his eye
And acted so shy,

Then looked at himself (The proud little elf), And said, with a smile, In his own froggy style, The gems you admire Came direct from my sire; Our family is old, Filled with warriors bold.

Great hunters are we; From bushes and tree We catch every bug And give them a hug Which ends them for life Of all worry and strife. But you ought to know All that's lovely below,

In jewels and gems,
In flowers and stems,
In brooklets and trees,
In wild birds and bees,
Below or above
Are all sent us in love.
Then he said, with a nod,
Even I came from God.

THE ROSEBUSH.

When I was a little girl,
There stood close by the door
The sweetest little rosebush
On a green and grassy floor.
There came a little humming bird,
With bright and gauzy wing,
And took his breakfast from my rose
And never moved a thing.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

The little blue jay flew up in a tree, All in a flutter. Don't you see Four baby birds sticking up their heads? What is the matter? They want to be fed.

They slept all night in their little nest, And one was "littler" than the rest. And in the morning they opened their eyes And looked around in great surprise.

One little bird she was so sweet. She said: "We all want something to eat." Their Mamma flew down upon the ground And looked and searched the grass around.

At length she espied a very big bug, Almost as big as she could tug; Then away she flew to the nest once more, And divided it around amongst the four.

They are and grew from day to day, And when they got big enough flew away, Away among the shady trees And raised little birds almost like these.

RIDDLES.

I open my mouth and my thoughts you can see Without ever speaking the least word to me. Book,

I trace your thoughts from a far distant land
And tell you the worth of the note in your hand.
Ink.

VALENTINES.

WRITTEN FOR MY YOUNG FRIENDS.
Love's bright coronet of roses
Rests in beauty on thy brow
And the sweetness it discloses,
Thrills my spirit even now.

When I'm in thine angel presence
My full heart with bliss runs o'er,
Like a magic crystal fountain
That was never moved before.

Can such joy be mine forever?

Can thy love its tendrils twine
Round my glad heart, failing never?

Then I am thy Valentine.

If all the brightness of the sun
And all the sweetness of the flowers
Were sugared, melted into one,
It would not make one love like ours.
Our souls commingling, intertwine
With holiest rapture and with dearest love;
This life begins the joyous Valentine
Which lasts forever in the spheres above.

Thou sun of my morning,—
Thou star of my night,—
Thou crown of my jewels,
So brilliant and bright,—

Thou rose of my garden Exhaling such sweetness, Absorbing thy love, Is joy's own completeness.

Our love is like a flowing river, So deep, so clear, advancing ever, Altho' we try its power to sever, It still moves on thro' time forever. Were all earth's shining brilliants
Fixed in one diamond sun,
And all the light of all the stars
Commingled into one;
Thy soul-lit eyes on me would shine,
More brilliant than them all,
And thy loved tones my heart would twine
With most delicious thrall.

When morning smiles I ope mine eyes
And think of smiles from thee;
When sweetest zephyrs kiss my brow
I send them back to thee,
Laden with my deepest love,
Where all bright wishes twine
Into a wreath for thy fair brow,
My charming Valentine.

Secure within the magic temple
Of my inmost heart of hearts,
Thou art shrined, and thus my worship
Is from all the world apart.

There, in deep devotion kneeling,
All the thoughts that fill my mind
Blend in one their purest feeling;
Shall they find response in thine?

Love in thee his crowning glory
Has set beautiful and bright,
Thick with gems of rose-tint lustre,
Filling all my life with light.

Deep thy soul-lit eyes are shining, With a radiance all thine own, Every grace of thine is turning All to harmony of tone.

Like a seven-stringed lyre, its music
Wakes within my throbbing breast
All of bliss on earth it seeketh,
In thy smile and fond caress.

Could the forest leaves that's whispering Love-notes tinged with emerald fire And light-illumined zephyrs listening, Echo love on nature's lyre;

Could this earth be naught but roses, Mountain high from sea to sea, All that sweet to sweets discloses Could not tell my love for thee. Love's bright coronet of roses
Rests in beauty on thy brow,
And the sweetness it discloses
Thrills my spirit even now.

And when in thine angel presence
My full heart with bliss runs o'er,
Like a magic crystal fountain
That was never moved before.

Can such joy be mine forever?

Can thy love its sweetness twine
Round my glad heart, failing never?

Then I am thy Valentine.

Love and roses ever blending
On thy cheek and noble brow,
And the blue that heaven is lending
To thy love-lit eyes e'en now

Shines into my soul's deep casket,
Shines upon my throbbing heart;
Through long years I've tried to mask it,—
Bitter years from thee apart.

This world was all so dark to me,
My spirit so benighted,
But now, once more thine eyes I see,
My inmost soul is lighted.

Is lighted by love's magic power,
Is lighted by thy smiling;
Impatiently I hail the hour
When thee, my soul beguiling,—

Shall whisper words of hope and love In tones to me divine, Shall in our lives' sweet future prove One blissful Valentine.

All of love and faith and worship
Concentrated in one power
Builds for thee truth's diamond temple;
Builds love's consecrated bower.
Deep within the sacred haven
Of my inmost heart of hearts,
There thine image deeply graven,
There from all the world apart,
Thou art worshipped, O, how fondly!
All my spirit thee enshrines.
Couldst thou feel one half the rapture,
Thou wouldst be my Valentine.

Our lives shall blend in joy and love,
In harmony divine,
As up Time's avenue we move,
Our trust, our truth, our love we'll prove
In one sweet Valentine.

FRAGMENTS.

Suspense, cameleon-hued, in vain Lifts up our hopes to let them fall again; Mingles in sorrow's cup some looked-for joy, But leaves no gold unmixed from base alloy.

This day belongs three-fourths to other years,

Made up of moments from the "Auld Lang
Syne,"

Three-quarters left alone, long months appear To join the last, and name it twenty nine.

As God to mighty chaos beauty's form has given Man, the last link connected earth with heaven, Yet, like a lamp unlit, his darkened mind Shone not, till Art illumined and refined.

Life's pleasures are too fleeting far.
Earth's friendships all too brief;
The first is but a meteor-star.
The last oft ends in grief.

This book is a spoke in life's mystical wheel.

Just noting events as their passings reveal.

As it rolls swiftly forward it leaves in its trace
The marks sad and gay time can never efface.

As every rose its budding sweetness brings,
So with each child that love for them is given
Which to the mother's heart forever clings,
Nor wanes with time, nor e'en by death is riven.

Oh, Morpheus! how sweetly thou closest our eyes.

And hasten our spirits to friends in the skies:

They soothe us, relieve us of all mental sorrow,

And we rise filled with strength for the ills of tomorrow.

When from the empire of immortal mind.
Each circling system rotates unconfined.
Advancing matter bursts the quiet sod
And earth's bright beauties spring as thoughts from
God.

There worldly passions enter not.

That blest abode of light:

We nothing take from sorrow's cup

To mar a world so bright.

We live and never mark the hours.

Nor count the flight of time.

For earthly hopes are blooming there
In fragrance all divine.

If I should write of worth or wit.
The first or last I'm sure to hit:
But if the first, their true selves prizing.
Should hit me, 'tis by wit's devising.

Face the sun, and your thoughts will brighten: Count your blessings, and your cares will lighten. All earth to me was dark and drear, Until those blue eyes, beaming, Sent to my soul celestial light, By their seraphic seeming.

All sounds to me were dull or shrill,
Till thy angelic fingers
Swept heavenly chords with easy skill,—
Even now the echo lingers

I seem again to hear that strain, So charming, joy-instilling, To be thy captive, I again List to thy song so thrilling.

Thine own pure spirit, shining through Those lids of pearl, those eyes of blue, Shall never see a lovelier sight Than love thy sun, and truth thy light.

If I could be this little gift, I never would my station shift; I'd mark thy genius for my pride, And cling forever to thy side. Ah! distance now thy form obscures,
Yet retrospection brings
Thee back from where the fates still lure
To bless love's offering.

Then gird anew thine armor for the right,

Forsake the world and all its glittering spray;

Its bubbles burst and soon are lost to sight,

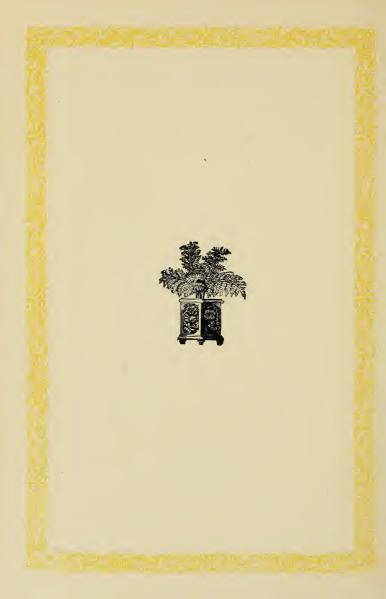
But truth shall light earth's darkness into day.

Oh! how I love that heavenly light,

That beams from infants' lovely eyes,
So pure, so sweet, so diamond-bright,
So recent from the spirit skies.

That glance to me is full of heaven,
The shining of the sparkling soul,
Whose power by God through nature given
Shall soar away from earth's control.









PROSE.



EXTRACTS FROM A WORK ON PHRENOLOGY.

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this little work to the public, I feel deeply the importance of the promulgation of the truths which it contains. The science which it demonstrates is neither known nor appreciated by the generality of mankind. Although it is not persecuted with that malevolence by which its introduction was at first characterized, yet the fact that but comparatively few believe in its truths, and a still less number investigate for themselves, is sufficient, at least, to warrant a deep solicitude for its present success; for of its ultimate adoption we have not the least doubt.

Many who believe in the truth of this science, do not appreciate its utility. They view it merely as a subject which is calculated to gratify the curiosity of individuals, by affording amusement for their leisure hours; not as that science which is so intimately connected with the nature of man, that his most secret propensities, and thoughts; his private character, dispositions; his partialities and aversions, can be ascertained through the adoption of its agency. A knowledge of the philosophy of

man has been sought in all ages of the world, and the most talented which have appeared at different periods of time, in the world's great theatre, have sought to solve this greatest of all earthly enigmas, the nature of man. But it was reserved for that sun which rested on the horizon of the eighteenth century, to shed its glorious light on the discovery of a truth, which had evaded all philosophical research for nearly six thousand years.

Dr. Gall, the illustrious discoverer of the truths of mental philosophy, saw, with a penetration which only characterizes great minds, the necessity of a system of philosophy, which is capable of demonstrating the nature of man; and the ardor and candor with which his investigations were made carry a deep conviction to the minds of all who are divested of prejudice, that he was a sincere worshipper at the shrine of truth. Dr. Gall commenced his lectures on Mental Philosophy, at Vienna, in His investigations were made inductively; and gradually he ascended, step by step, the altar of that temple, whose turrets shall ever be entwined through the long vista of future ages, with laurels fresh with his own immortality. In 1800 he was prohibited lecturing by the government of Austria; he then left his native country, and established his residence in France. Dr. Spurzheim here became his student, and in 1804 his associate. They travelled together for eight years, and spent their whole time in investigating the science of Phrenology. Since that period, this inestimable science has been gradually arising from the mists of ignorance and prejudice, by which it has been so long obscured, until many believe in the important truths which it contains; but a far greater number, either do not believe, or are unwilling to acknowledge their belief, through fear of being thought singular; or because it has not at present the strong bulwark of popular approbation to recommend it to the public. To those we would say, that, if there had not been, in all ages, a few choice spirits, who have regarded truth as more precious than popular favor, we should, even at this time, be obscured by that darkness which is the legitimate offspring of prejudice and ignorance.

We sincerely recommend this invaluable science to the candid attention of all. It is of use in every department of life, from the highest to the lowest. It is particularly useful in directing the training and education of children; it is, therefore, requisite that women also should understand its principles, that they may direct the minds of children, according to the requirements which it dictates, by training their moral sentiments, and cultivating their intellects; by restraining those propensities which threaten to pervert the very nature of the

child. It enables them to cultivate those which are but moderately developed, and restrain all within proper limits. It furnishes the means of ascertaining the profession, or occupation, to which a child is best suited, and enables the parent to decide scientifically, upon the path of future life which he will mark out for his child; and which he is enabled to do with the greatest confidence in his ultimate success, knowing that his natural endowments qualify him for its accomplishment. If the feeble light which can be shed by so small a satellite as this little book, serves to conduct one individual into the appreciation of the light of truth, who has hitherto wandered in the opaque atmosphere of ignorance, the authoress will not regret any labor, on her part, which may have contributed to the enlightenment of a fellow-being; and although she is gratified with the acquaintance of those whose minds are illuminated, yet she feels that there is more joy, in the heaven of intellectual fruition, over one who is won from the paths of ignorance and error, than over ninety and nine whose minds are already illuminated with the light of truth. With the hope that this little work may be received, with that attention to which the science it demonstrates is entitled, I cheerfully dedicate it to Science, which is the sun of the human mind.



TEMPERAMENTS.

We understand by this term the constitution of the brain; and this constitution influences the physical powers of the whole system. It is in fact the physical and mental constitution of the body. Those who have investigated the phenomena of living beings are aware that there is an endless variety of this phenomenon in the world, both in external appearance, degrees of activity, powers of endurance, etc. And this variety is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon race, but it appears in other nations; even the African race presents a variety of temperaments, and it is not improbable that this variety extends to the most perfect animals; and so along down the scale of beings, it becomes less and less susceptible of observation, till it is finally lost in the minutia and inertness of matter.

Temperaments are, however, seldom found pure, but each individual presents the phenomena of a combination of different temperaments; and these can be cultivated and modified in various ways. An immoderate indulgence in aliment and sleep will cultivate the lymphatic temperament; intense application to study will stimulate the nervous temperament; and strong muscular action will increase the bilious temperament. Thus, persons who have not naturally a favorable temperament, can, by their exertions to improve, change their temperament to a more favorable constitution of brain, and of the system. Hence, although we have no choice in the temperament which we have at birth, yet, by our endeavors to improve, we may, in a measure, choose our own temperament; we may at least have choice in that which we seek to obtain by cultivation.

The temperaments are four in number, and are thus designated: Lymphatic, Sanguine, Nervous, and Bilious.

I. - LYMPHATIC.

The predominance of the glands, and assimilating organs, give rise to the Lymphatic Temperament, which is recognized by a pale skin, and a repletion of the cellular tissue by fatness, or a fulness of the membrane which contains the oily, or fatty portion of the system. This gives a round form, softness of

the muscular system, fair hair, sleepy eyes, and inexpressive face; it is attended with languid vital action, drowsiness, inertness, a disposition to shun exercise, either physical or mental. There is a languor and inertness which pervades the whole system, and this hinders the energy of the mental faculties. in proportion as it abstracts and debilitates their physical agent, viz.: the brain. Persons who have this temperament, free from a combination of either of the other temperaments, are apt to look upon sensual gratifications as the highest source of enjoyment. To eat, and sleep, are pleasures to them, beyond the towering aspirations of ambition, the glittering anticipations of avarice, or the pure ethereal pleasures of intellectual fruition. may be called the lowest of the temperaments, and, strictly speaking, is the animal temperament, or that constitution which is most common among animals; and which is always cultivated when animals are fattened for the slaughter house. when this is cultivated in human beings, it prepares them for the demise of the intellect, or a state of dormancy and inactivity for the mind, which at least renders it dead to activity, and indifferent to the happiness which a virtuous activity of the mind never fails to secure. Persons of lymphatic temperament cannot bear to study, or apply themselves to mental application; and it is totally impossible for

them to think profoundly. They are also averse to physical exercise of any kind. This temperament should never be cultivated beyond the requirements of nature, for, when it gets the ascendency, it turns the individual into a human animal, and unfits him for the ordinary duties of life.

II. - NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT.

The predominance of the brain and nerves gives rise to the Nervous Temperament. It is recognized by a large brain, narrow features, rather a flat, spare form, fine thin hair, paleness of the countenance, and brightness of the eyes. A person of this temperament is grave and thoughtful, and very fond of mental exercise. He would sooner write a note than walk a square, but one of a sanguine temperament would walk two miles sooner than write a note. Children of this temperament should be kept from school until seven years old at least. The brain and nerves being predominantly active in this temperament, if they are excited and stimulated by a constant application to study, it extracts the nervous energy of the whole system to keep up this undue activity, and the health declines, and not unfrequently an early grave terminates the parents' This temperament, with a well developed brain, is always attended with a precocity of intellect, and the stimulus of education which is applied

by parents and teachers, is the cause of so many rare geniuses finding an early grave. This temperament is easily exhausted; its activity is great, but its powers of endurance are limited, and easily exhausted. Therefore, when this temperament predominates, it is necessary to cultivate the sanguine; and this can be accomplished by taking exercise in the open air. If this temperament predominates, the person is excitable and nervous, and is many times affected by the most trivial circumstances. These feelings of excitement may be measurably overcome by a thorough course of treatment, but not without an effort on the part of the individual. Persons of this temperament are subject to diseases of the brain, and most kinds of nervous complaints. Their lungs are not sufficiently developed to support the action of the brain, and it is therefore necessary, to improve the health of such persons, that they practise athletic exercises; riding on horseback, and walking, are exercises which will induce the sanguine temperament, and improve the health and spirits of those who have the nervous temperament.

III. - SANGUINE TEMPERAMENT.

This constitution of the brain and system takes its rise from a predominance of the lungs and blood vessels. It is usually accompanied by a florid com-

plexion; blue or light eyes; red, chestnut, or auburn hair; smooth, round features; fulness of flesh and roundness of form; full chest and well developed lungs, and is always attended with plethoric habits. This temperament is usually attended by a flow of spirits, by a buoyancy and hilarity of thought, which are usually accompanied by large hope and a cheerful disposition. of this temperament are impatient of confinement; they are fond of physical exercise, the whole system is filled with animation and a predisposition to activity, and this makes confinement not only tedious, but painful. Children of this temperament should not be confined more than an hour at a time in school, without sending them out to play; they get so uneasy and uncomfortable at school, by being kept still, hour after hour, that they acquire an early aversion for study, which the reason and reflection of after life is hardly able to eradicate. Persons of this temperament, when sick, are apt to be very sick; and, if they recover, they improve much more rapidly than either of the temperaments before mentioned. Those of this temperament have greater powers of endurance than the lymphatic or nervous temperament, but not so great as the bilious

IV .- BILIOUS TEMPERAMENT.

This is usually designated by dark, coarse hair, dark or black eyes, firm flesh, large bones and muscles, rather a coarse skin, with very strongly marked square features. The predominance of the muscular and fibrous systems gives rise to this temperament. It is characterized by great powers of endurance.

What I have previously stated as regards complexion is very common for the bilious temperament; but there are exceptions to this general rule; there are those, who are strongly marked with the bilious in their temperament, who have light hair and eyes; we then judge by the development of the muscular system, the skin, features, form, etc. Some children of the bilious temperament have light hair; but, if they have it strongly marked, their eyebrows will be dark, and their hair will eventually become of the same color. This temperament, combined with the nervous, is characterized by great activity and endurance, and is decidedly a favorable constitution of the brain, for both mental and physical exercise.

"This is truth, though at enmity with the philosophy of ages." — $Dr.\ Gall.$

FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

Order I.—Feelings or affective faculties. Genus I.—*Propensity*.

VITATIVENESS, OR A DESIRE TO LIVE.—In our intercourse with mankind, we find some strongly attached to life, and who would wish to live if their existence was miserable. On the other hand, we see others who care little about living, unless they can enjoy happiness. These observations confirm the opinion that there is an organ of Vitativeness, or love of life. We cannot discover its size during life, yet we can see the activity of the organ, sometimes even in death; and we therefore must believe that there is a great difference in persons about the manifestation of this faculty. There is also a difference of opinion relative to the location of this faculty; some contend that it is situated internally from Destructiveness, some between Combativeness and Destructiveness, while others locate it in the Mastoid Process. This last location is certainly wrong, for the mastoid process is only a bone, which serves for an attachment of the muscles, and is always found more developed in a bilious temperament than any other.

ALIMENTIVENESS.

Use.—Gives a desire for food.

Large.—The person thinks much of eating, and will generally devour a considerable quantity of food; it is more particular about quantity than quality; will relish his food, and generally have a good appetite; is fond of animal food, meats. This organ is much developed at birth, and the infant readily manifests a disposition to receive nourishment.

Full.—Will be disposed to be particular about food, and will require precision in the preparation; not remarkable for quantity, but particular about quality.

SMALL.—Will cause the person to be dainty, and not fond of animal food; very particular; does not often get hungry; will not eat at all, if he cannot have that which suits him; indifferent to the pleasures of the table.

I. - AMATIVENESS.

Use. — Gives love for the opposite sex.

Very Large.—Produces gallantry and polite attention, and a great fondness for the society of the opposite sex; will idolize a companion.

Large.—Will treat the opposite sex with respect, and render them services cheerfully; will

not be likely to remain unmarried; will esteem a bosom companion very much, and will not be wanting in attention to them.

Full.—Will not regard the opposite sex with great attention; generally treats them with respect, but not inclined to partiality for them; rather particular in the choice of a companion; not remarkable in affability toward them.

SMALL. — Indifference to the opposite sex; not inclined to love; not apt to engage in matrimony; very difficult in the choice of a companion, and very likely to remain single; not unfrequently disgust and aversion towards the opposite sex.

II. - PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.

Use.— A love for children and pets.

VERY LARGE.—Great attachment for children and pets, and experiences much pleasure in fondling them; over-indulgence to children, and is apt to spoil them by too much care and indulgence; when this propensity is not directed towards children, it is apt to operate in the same manner upon pets.

Large.—Much enjoyment in the society of children; considers them a blessing; will treat them well, and have a care and solicitude about them: but will require them to be obedient, if com-

bined with firmness; will regard pets with pleasure, and enjoy much happiness in attending them.

Full.—Is not fond of very young children, but is more attached to those who are two or three years old; prefers large pets, horses or dogs, but does not like to be troubled with small pets of any kind.

SMALL.—Aversion to children and pets; dislike for both, and a want of patience with them.

III. - CONCENTRATIVENESS.

Use.—Gives the power of keeping two or more faculties of mind in a state of continuous activity.

Very Large.—Gives continuity of thought and feeling, and a preference of dwelling on one subject. The persons are apt to dwell on one subject, and weary their friends with the monotony of repetition, or constantly dwelling on one particular thing; it is impossible for them to turn their attention readily to a new subject.

Large.—Gives the faculty of keeping the mind on one subject, and the power of mental concentration; is enabled to fix the thought at pleasure on a subject, and is apt to dwell on one thing; it is difficult to change to a variety of things.

Full.—Is sometimes enabled to concentrate the thoughts, and at other times is not; can readily turn the attention to different subjects; and is capable of entertaining company with an agreeable variety of subjects.

SMALL.—Is unable to fix the attention on a subject; fickle minded; constantly changing from one thing to another; will begin a piece of work, and leave it, and begin something new; thoughts wander from the subject, and a difficulty of fixing the mind upon study.

IV .-- ADHESIVENESS.

Use. — Attachment to home and friends.

Very Large.—Gives strength of attachment and love for friends, animate and inanimate objects; never yields up a friend, whether in high or low circumstances; is attached to flowers, plants, animals, and things; does not like to part with the smallest trifle which has been kept a great length of time; feelings can be deeply wounded by the most trifling remarks from friends; can very rarely see faults in friends, and is perfectly miserable when overlooked or slighted by friends.

Large.—Strongly attached to friends, and capable of lasting friendship; is happy in the society of friends, and, when absent from them, thinks of former friendships and happiness, and anticipates the pleasure of seeing them; naturally affectionate in disposition; apt to be attached to the domestic

and social circle, and is much attached to whatever inanimate things the individual has in his possession; is attached to animals and things.

Full.—Is attached to friends, although not very strongly; can treat them well, but does not regret leaving them; is not so much attached, but can be contented when absent from friends; can make friends with all, and not appreciate any very much; not particularly attached to one place more than another.

SMALL.—Does not care for one more than another; is not attached to any particular place or person; cannot appreciate friendship; thinks it is merely an article of traffic, which can be obtained for money or favor; is not a friend who can be relied on in times of need.

V. -- COMBATIVENESS.

Use.—Courage and prompt action.

VERY LARGE.—Gives a spirit of opposition towards everyone; a love of quarrelling and contention; courts strife and opposition; anger easily excited, and rage violent; imparts a harshness to the voice, and a sour, unpleasant expression to the whole countenance; delights in prize fighting and boxing; would rather fight than eat.

Large.—Gives a love of argumentative reasoning; courage; anger when excited rather violent; promptness in meeting danger coolly; disposition to contend with those of different views and principles; love of debate; love of game fighting and pugilistic exercises; if sharp, it is easily excited.

Full.—Not very easily excited to anger; rather forbearing if insulted; courage in most instances, but a lover of peace; dislikes contention; has an aversion to quarrelling; is not pleased with pugilistic exercises; not very fond of argument, unless considerably excited; can then hear an argument discussed with evident satisfaction.

SMALL.—Cowardly, and afraid of the shadow of opposition; have not even courage sufficient to enable them to express their own opinions; deficiency in promptitude and courage; frightened at the name of argument; cannot appreciate argument, but regard it as synonymous with quarrelling; cannot appreciate the difference between argumentative reasoning and scolding.

VI. — DESTRUCTIVENESS.

Use.—Force and energy of character.

Very Large.—Gives a relish for bloodshed; is delighted with the havor of the battlefield, and the extermination of war; great restlessness and

energy of character; perfect composure when life is in peril; thinks more readily when under the stimulus of danger than where none exists.

Large.—Gives energy and force of character; never loses self possession in the most imminent danger; cannot bear to be baffled in success in any undertaking; is in haste to succeed in business of any kind; often in a great hurry; does not like to wait for anything; never likes to give up an undertaking, and bears affliction with the greatest fortitude.

Full.—Considerable energy and force of character, but is not so impatient of success; can wait patiently; does not feel disappointment so deeply; sometimes is capable of exercising fortitude, and at other times sinks beneath the weight of affliction.

SMALL.—Cannot witness surgical operations; deficient in force of character; is not particular about the execution of business, always conceiving that there is time enough; never frets about business; takes the world easy, and loves to lie in bed until late in the morning; is apt to put off every thing until the last minute; gets into conversation with a friend, and fails to fulfil an engagement; is not apt to be punctual.

VII. — SECRETIVENESS.

Use. - Prudence and reserve of manner.

VERY LARGE.—Hypocrisy and dishonesty; takes pleasure in keeping every thing secret; inclined to commit theft, from the mere pleasure of secreting things; wishes to assume a character which it does not possess; cunning, artful, and sly; characterized by falsehood and double dealing; closed mouth, and half shut eyes.

Large.—Takes delight in keeping back something which it does not reveal; prudent and reserved in conversation; considers the confidence reposed in it sacred, and will not violate it by revealing it to another; feels the propriety and necessity of having what does not particularly interest another kept.

Full.—Can keep a secret, but feels no particular pleasure in so doing; is not apt to keep secret from friends; rather frank and open in conversation; abhors hypocrisy, and would not defraud or deceive another; sometimes tells things which had better be kept; is not apt to believe others deceitful; is averse to lying or deception; loves truth and justice.

SMALL.—Cannot keep a secret; tells things which had better be kept; is imprudent, and often commits itself, in exposing little faults which a

good development of this faculty would conceal; cannot be trusted with a secret; will as soon tell things which are against themselves as others; it is extremely painful to keep a secret; is not celebrated for wisdom, but "uttereth all his mind."

VIII. - ACQUISITIVENESS.

Use.— Disposition to provide for future want. Very Large.—Incites to covetousness and avarice; immoderate love of gain; theft and fraud when combined with secretiveness; disposition to take advantage in a bargain; a grasping, insatiable thirst for money, and an idolatrous worship of gold; disposition to steal; sordid, mercenary, and avaricious, without sympathy or charity; wishes to be considered wealthy, and is subject to fits of insanity by heavy losses.

Large.—Loves to acquire wealth; is gratified with gain; close in calculating in pecuniary matters, looking sharp for the best of the bargain; is careful in the distribution of money, and is prudent in the bestowal of charities; economizes and saves, and thinks much of small profits; is miserable without means, and is tenacious of its own rights, and subject to insanity, with loss of property.

Full.—Regards wealth more as a means than end of happiness; loves to spend money, is liberal

minded, and cannot appreciate the feeling of avarice; loves to acquire, but is most delighted in spending money; does not care to be thought rich.

SMALL.—Cannot appreciate wealth at all; does not care to be rich; loves to give and spend money; is very liberal in bestowing gifts, and often gives to unworthy objects; cannot realize the necessity of property; would scarcely steal to save life; does not realize the value of money, only when stimulated by the greatest necessity; never acquires wealth, or keeps that long which it inherits from others.

IX. — CONSTRUCTIVENESS.

Use. — Gives a desire to build, model, and construct.

VERY LARGE.—Gives great talent for inventing machinery; love of mechanism; desire to build; delights in making new models; ingenuity in producing new machinery, and improving that which has been invented by others; is apt to dip into several kinds of mechanical business; is apt to spend leisure hours in modeling for pastime.

Large.—Combined with large form, gives a ready perception of forming a whole, from several detached parts; ingenuity in modeling and building, in architecture, mechanism, furniture, dress; is of use in the construction of a sentence.

Full.—Can learn mechanism, but is not naturally possessed of strong mechanical genius; can become a manufacturer, but not an inventor; considerable ingenuity if well cultivated.

SMALL.—Has little idea of perfection in mechanism; cannot learn a trade of any kind; has no taste for constructing, and little or no ingenuity in putting detached parts together.

X.—SELF-ESTEEM.

Use.—Personal dignity, pride, and independence.

VERY LARGE.— Expects the homage of every one as a matter of course; esteems his own judgment altogether better than any other person's; carries the head backward, and evinces an air of self-importance in every word and action; quarrelsome, if contradicted; loves to command, but cannot bear control or restraint of any kind; has an elevated opinion of his own talents and judgment.

Large.—Confidence in self; not easily embarrassed; rather important in carriage, and assumes an air of personal dignity and independence; has an opinion that his own judgment is better than others'; also, that his talents are of a superior kind, and that he should be esteemed on account of extraordinary merit; always self-possessed in company.

Full.—Not over positive in self-confidence; often embarrassed in the company of superiors; modest and retiring in disposition, etc.; able to appreciate the opinions of others, and to improve in manners.

SMALL.—A feeling of inferiority, and a want of self-confidence; bashfulness, and a dislike to go among strangers; embarrassment in company, and a want of confidence in his own abilities; does not appreciate his own talents; is not aware that he possesses any.

X1. — APPROBATIVENESS.

Use.—Gives a sense of honor and reputation, and a desire for the good opinion of others.

VERY LARGE.—Is very sensitive to either praise or censure; affable in manners, and solicitous to please all; aspiring and ambitious, desirous of fame, and has a nice perception of that which is agreeable to others; covets praise, and aspires after fame; scorns a mean action; thinks more of a good name than of wealth; will yield its own judgment to please others.

Large.—Desires the applause of others, and seeks to promote a good name; is desirous of rising in the world, and will not be contented with a common lot, but aspires after that which will insure

popularity; seeks to win the applause of others by courteous demeanor and obliging manners.

Full.—Is fond of the good opinion of others, but does not feel very unpleasant if it does not obtain it; rather independent; cares little comparatively for popular opinion; is not very affable in manner.

SMALL.—No perception of that which is agreeable to others; cares nothing about what others think of him; independent and apt to offend by insolent behavior; no sense of honor; cares little for reputation; is not influenced by what the world may think of his conduct.

XII. - CAUTIOUSNESS.

Use.—Prompts to take care and avoid danger. Very Large.—Induces great solicitude about the future; care and anxiety, accompanied with fear of success in business; cowardice, indecision, and hesitancy; fearing how to act; subject to melancholy and despondency; looks on the dark side of life, and always doubtful about success.

Large.—Takes care to look well to the result in any new business transaction; prompts to take care, and not trust much to others; is solicitous of success, and often lacks confidence in believing itself successful; prudent in foresight, and fearful of danger; somewhat inclined to a depression of spirits at times; is careful in avoiding danger, and has a foresight in anticipating danger.

Full.—Is not much afraid of danger; does not apprehend unfavorable circumstances; courage and deliberation; apt to engage in business without much reflection; not fearful of consequences; not cowardly.

SMALL.—Is not capable of apprehending danger at all; liable to accidents from want of foresight; is not afraid of anything; always rushing forward into danger; often getting into difficulty, through a want of reflection; does not know the fear of anything.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

XIII. - BENEVOLENCE.

Use.—Clemency, charity, sympathy, and a desire to do good.

Very Large.—Gives a feeling of sympathy and charity, and a feeling of distress for the miseries of others; forbearance, and a disposition to administer to the wants of others; will give away the last

shilling; not apt to be in possession of much wealth; too liberal to get rich.

Large.—Wishes to do good; sympathizes deeply, and always desires to relieve the distress of others; entertains charitable feelings for other persons, and is rather liberal in the distribution of funds; kind hearted, and solicitous to relieve the unfortunate; apt to patronize charitable institutions.

Full.—Is apt to be just before being generous; gives occasionally, but not without reflection; sometimes is charitably disposed, but never deeply sympathetic; not very charitable in forming a judgment relative to the intentions of others; rather inclined to suspicion.

SMALL.—Jealous and ill disposed, without sympathy or charity; would see a person starve without rendering them aid; ungenerous and uncourteous in deportment, and unkind in disposition; sordid, avaricious, and penurious.

XIV. - VENERATION.

Use.—Adoration, reverence, and a feeling of awe for superior powers, etc.

VERY LARGE.—Enthusiasm in matters of religion; love of religious worship; depth of devotional feeling; reverence for the Divine Being, and a love of theological studies, and the contemplation

of divine things; very great respect for the opinions of others; enthusiastic and superstitions.

Large.—A love of religious worship; reverence for the superior powers; is solicitous to attend religious exercises; fond of going to church; willing to view the opinions of others with deference and respect; reverence for old people, and ancient things; respect for superiors, talent, and superiority in anything.

Full.—Religion arises more from sense of duty than of feeling; does not feel deeply devotional; has some respect for the opinions of others, although, on the whole, not very deferential; not much affected by religious excitement.

SMALL.—Cares nothing about attending to religious concerns; cannot feel a devotional spirit; infidel in principle, and averse to religious exercises; no respect for the opinions of others; no reverence for age, or respect for superiors; cannot appreciate the difference between objects of reverence.

XV. -- FIRMNESS.

Use.—Decision of character, promptness of purpose, constancy, and stability.

VERY LARGE.—Tenacious of opinions, cannot be moved by persuasion; obstinate in adhering to preconceived opinions; perseverance, will not give

up an undertaking or an opinion; decision of character, immovable, and fixed; dislikes to give up when convinced of wrong; disposition to stick to one thing; will have their own way.

Large.—Always has a mind of his own, but willing to give up when convinced of the truth of a thing; constancy and stability; perseverance and determination of purpose; cannot be easily persuaded.

Full.—Not very fixed in principles; has an idea of retaining his own views, but does not adhere to them strongly; not obstinate or wilful in disposition, but yielding by solicitation.

SMALL.—Fickle-minded; cannot be said to have a mind of his own; will always fall in with the views and opinions of others; wavering and undecided, cannot rely upon themselves; no dependence can be had on their promises, constantly changing.

XV1.—CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Use.—A just sense of the rights of others; an internal monitor.

VERY LARGE.—A feeling of fear that they have said or done something which is not correct; constantly fretting, for fear that all is not right; worrying about things of minor importance; equity and a sense of the rights of others; a care to render to others their just dues.

Large.—A disposition to render unto others their rights independent of law, a sense of duty; will endeavor to do right, because they have a desire to do good, from a sense of what is just and equitable; moral honesty, and a clear sense of what is right.

Full.—Seeks to do right in the main, but is not particular about little things; does not feel conscientious about trifles, or feel much disturbed by making a good bargain.

SMALL.—Cares very little about the rights of others; deficient in a sense of justice; has a very little idea of moral honesty; no remorse for crime.

XVII. — HOPE.

Use.—Anticipation of happiness, expectation of success.

VERY LARGE.—Elevation of spirits; confidence in future good; always looks on the bright side of the question, and is apt to build castles in the air; looks forward to future happiness with the greatest confidence of attainment.

Large.—Indulges in pleasing anticipations; elastic and buoyant in spirits, and always sanguine of success; looks on the bright side, and takes the world easy, in consequence of believing that there is happiness just ahead, and, if disappointed in one object, he flies to the next, ad infinitum,

Full.—Sometimes indulges in anticipations of happiness, but many times is rather inclined to look on the other side of the picture; is subject to alternations of expectancy and despondency, sometimes elevated, and sometimes depressed.

SMALL.—Cannot anticipate happiness; apt to be depressed in spirits, inclined to gloom and despondency; naturally of a melancholy turn of mind, and apt to be of a retiring disposition; often feels disposed to relinquish the world, feels unhappy, but does not know the cause.

XVIII, - MARVELLOUSNESS.

Use.— Originality of thought and feeling; love of novelty, and the investigation of whatever is new-

Very Large.—Credulousness; religious belief, and a belief in many supernatural phenomena and wonderful occurrences; decidedly original in thoughts and feelings; strongly disposed to wonderful representations.

Large.—Original in writing and speaking, would much rather write their own thoughts, than to copy those of another person; inclined to credulity, but enjoys much pleasure in investigating whatever is new; will not have a blind belief without investigation, but will readily be convinced by facts; love of novelty, and a belief in the possibility of improving even the most perfect system.

Full.—Not remarkable for originality of talent; rather pleased with novelty, yet takes no particular pleasure in the investigation of new things; rather skeptical about things with which they are not acquainted; require abundance of proof to convince them; believes in God.

SMALL.—Disbelief in everything pertaining to phenomena for which it cannot account; skeptical and doubtful about the existence of a Supreme Being; no originality of talents; a copyist, one who cannot write his own thoughts, or, in other words, has very few original ideas.

XIX. — IDEALITY.

 $\label{eq:Use.} \mbox{Use.} \mbox{$-$Love} \mbox{ of perfection ; elevation of thoughts and feelings.}$

Very Large.—A vivid imagination; dissatisfaction with the things of earth; aspirations after perfection; poetic sentiments, a love of imagery; a love of beautiful visions; admiration of the beautiful; delight in perfection; disgust of things in real life; talent for writing composition, and a refinement of manners.

Large.—A love of the imagery of thought, and imaginary descriptions; loves poetic sentiments, whether expressed in verse or prose; admires flowers, dress, and beautiful paintings; an admirer

of beauty and perfection; a nice perception of perfection in language, a pure, chaste style.

Full.—Cannot appreciate poetic sentiments; perception of the beautiful not vivid; taste not peculiarly refined, neither very bad nor very good; cannot appreciate anything imaginary; plain matter-of-fact in speech, without refinement or elevation of language.

SMALL.—Coarse and vulgar in manners; no taste for refinement, arts, or sciences; rude and uncultivated, never will improve to any extent with the best advantages for cultivation; no appreciation of the beautiful.

SUBLIMITY.

Use.—Enjoys and appreciates grandeur and natural phenomena.

VERY LARGE.—Is thrilled with pleasure in the contemplation of nature, especially in the observation of the grand and terrific.

Large.—Love for the phenomena of nature which are sublime and terrible, like the roar of the waterfall, the swelling surges of the ocean, the elevation of the highest mountain, the depression of the dark, deep cavern, the circling eddies of the whirlpool, the thrilling bursts of the volcano, and the terrific commotion of the elements; loves to watch the glare of the lightning among the clouds.

Full.—Cares very little about scenery or romantic prospects; has very little taste for contemplating the grandeur of natural objects; cannot appreciate the harmony of the operations of nature.

SMALL.—Filled with disgust and horror at natural phenomena; dislike to view the ocean; fear in a thunder storm; no taste for the wonderful operations of nature.

XX.-- MIRTHFULLNESS.

 $\label{eq:Use.} Use. — Produces a sense of comicality; causes laughter.$

VERY LARGE.—Love of fun and laughter, and will ridicule every thing, even those of solemn import; will sport even with death and eternity; buffoonery.

Large.—Fond of hilarity and mirth; a love of fun, and a fondness for the society of those who enjoy a flow of spirits, and a cheerful disposition; a perception of incongruity; a love of ridicule and witticisms, jestings, etc.

Full.—Can appreciate mirth, but more disposed to say something to make others laugh, than to laugh themselves; not strongly disposed to jesting, but is very sarcastic at times.

SMALL.—No taste for mirth or fun, seldom laughs; sour and morose in disposition; cannot appreciate pleasantry in others.

XXI. - IMITATION.

Use.—Copying the manner and gesticulation of others.

VERY LARGE.—Takes pleasure in mimicry; can copy with a perfect exactitude the voice, manners, and actions of others; has a partiality for the stage.

Large.—Can copy the expression and manners of others; is pleased with an exact representation of character; is successful in imitating the voice and manner of others; is pleased with theatrical acting, and has no difficulty in imitating others.

Full.—Can imitate workmanship, but takes no particular pleasure in mimicry; cannot imitate manner and gesture successfully; has not much taste for theatrical performances.

SMALL.—Cannot imitate any thing; has no idea of copying even workmanship; no taste for theatrical acting.

Order II — Intellectual faculties.

Genus I.—External senses,—hearing, seeing, taste, and smell.

Genus II.—Perceptive faculties.

XXII. - INDIVIDUALITY.

Use.—Takes cognizance of individuals and things.

Very Large.—Always observes and remembers individuals; carries the image of an object in the mind; memory for individuals and things; can readily recognize an acquaintance, after an absence of many years.

Large.—Readily observes and remembers faces and objects; a shrewd observer of men and things; remembers the form of objects; takes particular notice of everything by which it is surrounded.

Full.—Cannot readily remember individuals; does not notice things particularly; memory for forms and faces not remarkably good.

SMALL.—Cannot remember either persons or things; never notices anything in particular; cannot remember the form of things; forgetful, liable to mistakes.

XXIII. --- FORM.

Use.—Gives perception of configuration, memory of shape and external dimensions.

VERY LARGE.—Can readily recognize the exact shape and external dimensions of a thing; has a correct judgment of outline in general; talent for drawing.

Large.—Good memory of shape, and can judge accurately of external appearances; a just memory of general configuration; and is essential in writing.

Full.—Has not a very accurate conception of general outline; not remarkable for judging of form.

SMALL.—Cannot perceive the shape of things; has no perception of general outline; is unable to describe the form of things.

XXIV. — SIZE.

Use.—Memory of space, magnitude, distance, proportion.

Very Large.—A just appreciation of distance; can judge accurately of the space between two objects.

Large.—Can readily judge of distance and space, and give an accurate description of size; understands proportion, space, and magnitude.

Full.—Has some idea of distance, but not remarkably accurate.

Small.—Has no judgment of space or distance; cannot discern the space between objects.

XXV. - WEIGHT.

Use.—Perception of equilibrium, power of judging of dense bodies.

VERY LARGE.—Can judge accurately of the momentum and resistance of dense bodies; can stand in an elevated place without anything to hold by, without fear of falling.

Large.—Good judgment of the density of bodies; good perception of weight, and can easily balance in elevated positions.

Full.—Can judge of the density of bodies, but not accurately, unless much cultivated.

SMALL.—Cannot stand in an elevated place without unpleasant feelings; cannot judge of the weight of bodies; will frequently fall; cannot balance very well.

XXVI.-- COLOR.

Use.—Perception of different colors, and a correct judgment of them.

VERY LARGE.—Can readily perceive the exact shade of color, cannot bear those that are dull or obscure, but is remarkably fond of brilliant colors.

Large.—Good perception and judgment of colors; can readily distinguish tints, is fond of bright, clear colors; can distinguish between minute shades of color.

Full.—Can tell prominent colors, but cannot distinguish between minute shades; perception of color not remarkably keen.

SMALL.—Cannot distinguish one color from another; cannot even distinguish between prominent colors; no taste for them.

XXVII. -- LOCALITY.

Use.—Perception and memory for the location of different places.

VERY LARGE.—Can judge precisely of the point of compass under the most unfavorable circumstances; never is at a loss to find the way; can always remember the situation of a place after seeing it once; is remarkably fond of travelling and viewing different kinds of scenery.

Large.—Loves to travel, and is very seldom troubled about telling precisely the point of the compass; possesses good perception and memory for the locality of places; fond of travelling; cannot be lost, either in a forest or large town.

Full.—Has an idea about localities, but not a shrewd perception of them; does not remember the situation of different places distinctly.

SMALL.—Has no idea of the situation of different places; cannot remember them; cannot find the way either in the town or country.

XXVIII. -- NUMBER.

Use.—Power of numerical calculation, and a love for the study of mathematics.

VERY LARGE.—A ready computation for numbers, and a passion for the study of mathematics.

Large.—Can solve a problem in the mind without marking figures; has the power of a ready and easy computation of numbers; is fond of the study of mathematics, and excels in numerical calculation.

Full.—Can compute numbers, although is not partial to the study of arithmetic; if cultivated, can become a good arithmetician.

SMALL.—Cannot appreciate arithmetic; dislikes the idea of numbers; cannot compute them; can never excel in the study of arithmetic.

XXIX. --- ORDER.

Use.—Gives a perception of order and physical arrangement.

VERY LARGE.—Cannot bear to see things disarranged, loves neatness and order.

Large.—A just sense of physical arrangement; a love of order and precision in the adjustment of the furniture of a room; a love of neatness and exactitude, and a good taste in the arrangement of

dress, or the arrangement of a sentence in composition.

Full.—Likes to see things in order, but will take no particular pains to put things in place, and has not a nice perception of arrangement.

SMALL.—Cares nothing about order; cannot appreciate it; does not know when things are arranged; careless and slovenly in dress and general appearance; indifferent to neatness, and averse to a proper arrangement.

XXX, --- EVENTUALITY.

Use.—Takes cognizance of events and circumstances.

Very Large.—A particular memory for events and circumstances. Excels in biographical and historical descriptions; can remember all the most important events in history in perusing it only once; large in all who distinctly recollect the scenes of early childhood.

Large.—Recollects events and circumstances; a retentive memory for events. This organ was formerly called "upper educibility" by Dr. Gall; and individuality was called "lower educibility." But when the functions of these were ascertained, it was discovered that the function of this was for events, and that for individuals and objects.

Full.—Can remember events tolerably well when young, but loses the powers of memory at an early age; has not a retentive memory for events.

SMALL.—Cannot remember events at all; forgets readily the occurrence of circumstances.

XXXI.-- TIME.

Use.—Perception of time in music; memory for time and dates.

VERY LARGE.—Can readily judge of time in music, and tell very accurately the time of day without consulting the clock; a great memory for dates.

Large.—Good preception of time, and a just idea of the time of day; can keep time in music, and readily detect mistakes in regard to it.

Full.—Has an idea of time in music, but not a just perception of its exactitude; can be cultivated to have a clearer perception, and a better judgment of limited duration.

SMALL.—Can have no just conception of time; cannot judge of the time of day, or of time in music; can appreciate time no way.

XXXII. - TUNE.

Use.—Perception of sound, and a just appreciation of music.

VERY LARGE.—Can readily distinguish tones and appreciate melody; can very readily learn different tunes, and is very fond of music.

Large.—Good perception and appreciation of harmony; can tell when a tune is played or sung correctly, and can readily learn music.

Full.—Has a perception of sound, but is not remarkably fond of music; tune can be cultivated, so as to perform music very well.

SMALL.—Can have no idea of music, and cannot designate the difference between a dead march and a quickstep.

XXXIII. — LANGUAGE.

Use.—Gives the power of expressing words.

VERY LARGE.—Talks very much, and is never at a loss for words to express ideas; can readily learn languages, and has a great power of language.

Large.—Can always express their ideas clearly; rather sociable; has a quick perception of accuracy in language; can readily learn languages, and has a good memory for words.

Full.—Cannot readily express themselves satisfactorily, but with other faculties well developed

can learn languages; can be cultivated so as to speak with much perfection.

SMALL.— Cannot express what they feel; often have a rush of ideas which they have not language to express; cannot readily learn languages.

XXXIV. - COMPARISON.

Use.—Compares different things, and draws the analogy between them.

Very Large.—Always comparing different things, and speaking of the analogy, reasons by comparison; readily calls up associations in the mind,

Large.—Compares different things, and draws the analogy; fond of reasoning by comparison; can readily see the resemblance between different things; is enabled to classify and associate ideas which have a resemblance.

Full.—Can compare different things, but does not reason profoundly in this manner; has an idea of association, but cannot readily classify ideas.

SMALL.—Can have no idea of the comparison of different things; cannot see a resemblance where one actually exists; cannot reason well.

XXXV. — CAUSALITY.

Use.—Seeks to know the cause of all things.

VERY LARGE.—Impatient to know the reason, the why and wherefore; seeks to know the dependence of phenomena, and ascertain the cause; will not believe unless a satisfactory cause can be assigned.

Large.—Fond of investigating cause and effect; appreciates logic; loves to inquire into the cause of all phenomena; cannot rest satisfied without knowing the cause.

Full.—Is not very expert in divining the cause; cannot readily trace the dependence of phenomena; can reason, but not expertly.

SMALL.—Cannot appreciate cause and effect; cares nothing about the cause; cannot investigate deeply; cares nothing about philosophical investigation; is not profound.

A MEMORY FOR PROPER NAMES.

I am aware that many phrenologists do not admit that the memory of a *name* is an organ by itself, separate and apart from the organ of language, or any other part of the memory. But, after noticing this organ, I have examined more than three hundred persons' heads, and have found, by observation, that the lower corner of tune,

immediately above the organ of number, is appropriated to the memory of proper names; and where tune is a fulness, corresponding to the developments of tune and number, the memory of proper names is large; but where there is depression in this part, that it is *small*. It is supposed by many phrenologists that the memory of names is simply a part of the organ of language; and I must confess that I once entertained these views myself; but, in examining different individuals who had the organ of language large, I found many unable to remember names. This fact led me to investigate the subject still farther. It appeared very improper, at first, to locate the memory for names so far from individuality, eventuality, or locality; but, in reflecting still farther upon the location of this organ, I conceive tune to be a perception and memory of sound, and a memory of proper names is only a memory of a different kind of sound; hence I can see no impropriety in what I believe to be its present location, below tune, and above number.



SIZE OF THE CRANIUM.

There is a great contrast in the size of the heads of different individuals, yet we consider size as a measure of power, all other things being equal. That is, age, health, exercise, form, and temperament being the same in two individuals, the one having the largest brain will possess the most powerful intellect. I conceive it essential to mention form, in connection with size, for this reason: that two persons may have all the other conditions requisite for us to decide in favor of size, and the one who has the largest brain may have a predominance of the selfish and animal propensities, and the other a predominance of the moral and intellectual; and, in this case, the latter would possess the most energetic mind, although the size of his brain was not equal to the former. Yet, when the form of the brain is mentioned, together with the other things requisite, there is not the least difficulty in coming at the truth, relative to the one which possesses the strongest mental manifestations.

There are various means employed in ascertaining the size of the cranium by different phrenologists; craneometers, callipers, etc., have been used successfully in ascertaining the size of the head. But, as these different apparatuses do not give us the *individual* size of the organs, we are obliged to

examine them separately, in order to ascertain their size, and the balancing power which one organ exercises over another, and judge correctly of character, talents, etc., of *the individual who is examined*.

PHRENOLOGY.

Could Phrenology be received and practised as a science, how great would be the advantages derived from its adoption; how many who are now duped and imposed upon by the artful and designing would be able, at one glance, to read their dispositions by the configuration of their heads, and thus have it in their power to anticipate their intentions before they had realized the mortification of their duplicity. I never go into a public audience without being somewhat amused with the difference which I observe in the configuration of heads; each indicating the particular disposition and talents of its possessor, both as multifarious as that endless variety of disposition and intellect which characterize mankind. If the speaker is a stranger, whom I have never heard before, I can generally determine what kind of a sermon or lecture we shall be treated with, by the appearance of his phrenological developments and temperament, -- for

temperament has a great influence upon mental manifestations. If the speaker is of a nervous-bilious, or sanguine-nervous temperament, with the moral and intellectual faculties in the ascendency, with a fair development of ideality, and good reflective faculties, with concentrativeness full, and large sublimity, the sermon or lecture will be full of interest, and the subject will be kept from cloying the understanding by those lovely images and lofty imaginings which arise spontaneously in a mind thus constituted. A public speaker who possesses the configuration of head above referred to. never tires his audience by a dull, monotonous description, rendered more aggravating by a constant repetition of that which at first was void of all interest; but he takes his audience along with him, and they unconsciously follow him through lights and shadows, gravity and gaiety, happiness and misery, elevation and depression, sympathy and aversion; they drink in the very feelings of his soul, and experience the pleasure arising from mental sympathy, without always understanding the cause.

Reverse the picture; suppose the speaker's head deficient in most of the organs referred to above, and of a lymphatic temperament, and the audience will either be hulled to sleep, or become so uneasy and uncomfortable from his prolixity and

want of meaning and energy, that they will be unable to sleep or even sit quiet and endure the suffering of hearing him through.

If phrenology was properly understood and appreciated, people's ears would not be pained by being obliged to listen to public speakers like the latter; for a dictation of this inestimable science never would send out into the world those whom nature never designed should speak publicly, and from whom she had withheld every requisite qualification. The most casual observer must recognize a difference in the talents and dispositions of individuals with whom they are conversant; but a knowledge of phrenology is requisite to choose occupations or professions best suited to those talents and dispositions. The ignorance of mankind has in all ages been a fruitful source of misery; it has been, and is still the cause of the greatest evils which beset the paths of the present generation.



PHRENO-MAGNETISM.

By those who never have investigated Animal Magnetism, on which our present subject is based, it is hardly expected that our remarks will be appreciated: but those who have witnessed the result of experiments in Animal Magnetism, and have become convinced of its truths, the phenomena presented by Phreno-Magnetism cannot fail to interest. In order to explain this combination of sciences, we must give a brief exposition of what we conceive to be the magnetic, or nervous fluid. By this fluid we mean the principle of life, or nervous force, which is located in the nerves, and is thus distributed throughout the entire system. Dr. Spurzheim, in his Anatomy of the Brain, mentions that he conceives it to be not only possible, but extremely probable, that there is a nervous fluid originating in the ganglious, and circulating in the nerves. This theory has been proved by persons being resuscitated from a state of asphyxia, by the application of animal magnetism; thus showing clearly that the nervous force is the principle which is first exhausted when dissolution occurs.

Experiments also demonstrate this fact: that this nervous force can be directed by the will of the magnetizer to any given point, and that it can be

received by the person magnetized, who is thereby placed in an unnatural state, which we term Magnetic-Somnambulism. When this state is induced, if the phrenological organs are touched by the magnetizer, the somnambulist readily manifests them, and that without any particular will being exercised by the magnetizer. We do not mean to say that all somnambulists are equally excitable; it takes a much greater length of time to excite the organs on some heads than others. People are not generally equally susceptible of excitement in a natural state, and this same difference exists when they are magnetized. The phenonemon of phreno-magnetism can be thus explained: there is a stimulus imparted to the organ which is excited by the touch of the magnetizer, and this stimulus causes an increased action, and this action is spontaneous, and not susceptible of being controlled by the somnambulist. In other words, the organs which are excited are in a state of exalted activity, and the somnambulist has not the power to control their manifestation.

We have had the opportunity to test the truth of phreno-magnetism on somnambulists who were *uneducated*, consequently they could not have known the locality, or even *use*, of any of the organs of the brain; and, that the experiment might be a fair test of the truth, we endeavored to disengage

our thoughts entirely from the subject, that the somnambulist might not feel the slightest influence of our will; for where the magnetizer exercises his will on the somnambulist, for the purpose of causing him to manifest an organ, we do not believe it to be a fair test of phreno-magnetism. A somnambulist, who has frequently had his organs excited, is more susceptible than one who has not; and the organs on the same head which have been often excited, are most easily affected by phreno-magnetism; it is therefore requisite that all the organs (which it is proper to excite) should be excited equally on a somnambulist, by whom you wish to demonstrate the truth of phrenology by magnetism. otherwise you will find it extremely difficult to get the manifestation of those organs, which are located near those which you are in the constant habit of exciting.

In order to practice phreno-magnetism successfully, the person should be acquainted with both sciences. They should be acquainted with phrenology, that they may understand the precise locality of every organ of the brain; they should understand the principles of animal magnetism, that they may know how and when to apply it. It is dangerous for persons to attempt to practise phreno-magnetism who are ignorant of the nature of the agent which

they call into activity. For, although it is perfeetly safe in judicious hands, yet it is a hazardons undertaking for those who are unacquainted with its phenomena. Phreno-magnetism, strictly speaking, is momentary insanity, or, in other words, the somnambulist is insane in those organs which are excited during their manifestation, and it is therefore requisite that great caution should be observed in exciting them; violent pressure is not requisite, and should be carefully avoided; over-excitement should be strictly guarded against, as it is sometimes attended with prejudicial effects, by producing insanity which it has taken several weeks to Cautiousness should be rarely excited, remove. especially if it is much developed, as the organs which are operated upon become more active in a waking state. For this reason phreno-magnetism is of great utility, by enabling those who have organs that require cultivation, to improve much more rapidly than their activity in a natural state. This we have proved by actual experiment; we magnetized a young lady some eighteen months since, and excited tune; her mother expressed much surprise at its manifestation, and stated that she never heard her sing before. We are aware that our remarks may elicit a smile from the incredulous, but the truth can neither be smiled nor frowned out of existence, and, being satisfied as regards the *truth* of both sciences, we submit our views to an intelligent public, and cheerfully await the result of its decision.





EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE ON PHRENOLOGY.

When young, my mind was often impressed with a desire to understand its own mysteries. I often reflected upon the velocity of thought, and as often deprecated my total ignorance of the cause. Particularly when engaged in the study of Geography and Astronomy, I have watched with intense interest the lightning speed with which my mind was directed from continent to continent, grasping the rugged mountains, the boundless ocean, the volcano's burning entrails, the earthquake's convulsive throes, the cavern's dark wanderings, the desert's arid waste, the majestic river, whose commencement is the simple mountain springs and purling brooks uniting their diminutive waters until by numerous additions the amplification is complete and its broad, deep bed rolls on to mingle with the mighty ocean; the ruins which the convulsions of the elements, the devastation of war, or the iron hand of time had stript of their colossal beauty and antique grandeur contrasted with the life and animation of the cities of Asia, Europe, and America; and from the minutia of terrestial objects to the contemplation of the beauty, the order, the harmony with which the planetary worlds perform their revolutions around the sun, agreeable to the immutable laws which govern them, dictated by their Almighty Creator.

Whence comes this inconceivable something which prompts not only to investigate the material universe, but seeks to solve the enigma of its own organization? Whence comes this originator of thought, this director of intellect, and through what medium does it act? were questions which arose spontaneously in my mind; but all, all was enveloped in mystery. The darkness of the pall hung over the promptings of my juvenile investigations and I despaired of ever ascertaining the functions of the mind, or the medium through which it is manifested.

So ardent was my desire to become acquainted with the mysterious agency of the mind that, had I the power, I would have given worlds to have possessed this knowledge. At length I obtained the works of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, and I read them with intense interest, and was particularly impressed with the inductive principles which characterized their investigations. No vague theory of metaphysical sophistry spun by the wily mechanism of the imagination prompted their scientific researches. They reposed alone on the lap of nature, and by closely observing and comparing her works they were enabled to detect a tangible

medium through which the internal qualities of mankind can be clearly and certainly determined by external developments. That candor which prompted the most rigid scrutiny in ascertaining the locality and appropriate use of the various organs of the brain and their peculiar adaptation shone no less conspicuous in those deep researches of inductive philosophy than in the forbearance, yet promptness, with which these champions of truth, those magnifiers of human intellect, met their adversaries. Charmed with the potency of that logic everywhere visible in the writings of Gall and Spurzheim, I soon became a convert to their doctrines. Having subsequently witnessed Phrenological examinations, I became confirmed in opinions (but then recently adopted) and commenced the study of Phrenology.

After I had obtained an insight into this invaluable science, I became deeply impressed with the importance of women in particular possessing the knowledge of mental philosophy. Oh, woman! thou art the fountain from which emanates a world of intelligences. No talents so rare, no genius so elevated, no intellect so refined, but what took its rise from thee. Thou art delegated by thy Creator with power to bless mankind by instilling into the minds of the rising generation, the principles of science, religion, morality, and virtue. From thy

precepts and examples the infant mind is moulded and fashioned. How important, then, that thou art qualified for so responsible a station. How necessary that thy mind should be illuminated by the light of science and especially that of mental philosophy. A knowledge of Phrenology will enable you to judge not only the temperament, but the physical and mental qualities of your children, and this will qualify you to select an occupation or profession best suited to their dispositions and capacities; it will also enable the parent or teacher to arrest the predominant ascendency of an organ, if its excessive activity is injurious to the child; it also furnishes a just appreciation of all the faculties of mind and enables them to cultivate those but moderately developed, and restrain all the mental powers within the limits of conscientiousness, which sentiment is left free to act, untrammelled by sophistry and unfettered by a false system of education. For it is a fact worthy of remark that the noblest elements in the nature of man are capable of subversion if misdirected by false education. The internal monitor, or Conscientiousness, induces us to deal justly; but, if this faculty is perverted, we should feel no remorse in practices which otherwise would be abhorrent to our very thoughts.

So with every other faculty of mind; if directed by an enlightened understanding, each pro-

pensity and sentiment contributes to the exaltation of our happiness and the elevation of our natures. It may be asked, where shall we go to become enlightened upon this subject? I answer, to that invaluable science of mental philosophy discovered by the illustrions Doctor Gall. Phrenology teaches that the mind is manifested through the medium of the brain. That the brain consists of a plurality of organs which are appropriated to the distinct faculties of mind. That the activity of those faculties depends upon the size of the organs and upon the temperament of the individual. It is useless to waste time in proving that the brain is the agent of the mind. This fact is admitted by many eminent physiologists otherwise opposed to phrenology. If the brain be, then, the organ through which the mind is manifested, is not its condition of the highest importance? How necessary the study of this mighty agent, this prime conductor of thought and intellect! How beautiful, and yet how wonderful, is this mysterious combination of mind and matter.

Some, who admit that the brain is the agent of the mind, yet deny that it consists of distinct organs, and maintain that it is an unit. If this were true, how could the phenomena of dreaming be explained? If the brain were a single organ, then would all its faculties be asleep or awake

together, and dreaming would be impossible. Sometimes thoughts and memories are developed in sleep, which a lapse of years had placed far away in our waking state. The faculty which recognizes them springs into a state of voluntary activity, either from association or from its long state of dormancy. We may then have a vision of friends long since deceased, yet without that excitement which we should otherwise experience were not the feelings in a state of insensibility. Sometimes Cautiousness is awake and Hope (the balancing organ) asleep. Then are conjured up all fearful thoughts,—we are pursued by wild beasts; harassed by savage enemies; tortured by hissing serpents; and endangered by the fearful commotion of the elements, until we reach the dire vortex of a whirlpool or the giddy height of a precipice from whence we plunge headlong; we start with horror and are awakened by an effort to escape destruction.

The increased activity of the different organs of the brain during mental exercise has been proved by positive induction. A case is reported by Dr. Pierquin, which was observed by him, in one of the hospitals at Montpelier, in 1821. The subject was a female patient, part of whose skull had been removed. In dreamless sleep, the brain lay motionless within the cranium. When she was disturbed by dreams, it was agitated and protruded; in dreams

reported by herself to have been vivid, it was more protruded, and still more so when awake and engaged in cheerful thoughts and sprightly conversation. Similar cases have been reported by Sir Astley Cooper and Prof. Blumenback. Mr. George Combe, of Edinburgh, Scotland, in his course of lectures, states that he had examined an Indian whose head had been compressed, who notwithstanding appeared as intelligent as others of his tribe. I have never had the privilege of examining one of this tribe of Indians, but in my examination of the Anglo-Saxon race I have met with cases which induced me to believe that a change in the shape of the head, caused by arbitrary means, is detrimental to the action of the brain no further than it injures its organization or actually ruptures its parts. In examining a number of cases where the occiput had been flattened by the individual being laid on the back part of his head during the period of infancy, I have been able to give a correct statement of the size of Philoprogenitiveness and Concentrativeness. The most striking case was that of a gentleman from Ohio. He informed me that he had repeatedly submitted his head to the inspection of eminent Phrenologists, but that its peculiar configuration led them invariably to pronounce him deficient in the above mentioned organs. In my examination I stated that those organs were well developed, but that they were pushed from their original position by his being laid on the back part of the head during the period of infancy. He assured me that it was the first time that his head was ever examined satisfactorily in this respect. From these circumstances I am induced to think that the organs growing in a different direction does not prevent the manifestation of the mind. Many may think that this view of the subject militates against the truths of Phrenology. But if any other part of the system is compressed, or the organs pushed from their natural place, or their original form altered, this does not annihilate the organ; it merely changes its form, not its function. If the nose were disfigured, could we with the least propriety call it the chin? The fallacy of such logic is apparent to the weakest capacity.

The question naturally arises in the minds of the uninitiated, What benefit will a knowledge of this science be to me? It will undoubtedly make me wiser, but shall I be happier, or will it add to my interest in its practical application to business? We answer in the affirmative. "Knowledge is power," it is wealth, it is riches as imperishable as mind itself. It is an internal mine containing gold more precious than Potosi's, and gems whose brilliancy emanates from the immortal fountain of truth. Have we wealth? The dark clouds of adverse for-

tune, the perfidy of false friends, or the machinations of invidious foes may deprive us of its possession. But knowledge constitutes a wealth which is imperishable and immortal; it forms an atmosphere for the mind which expands its energies forever. But a knowledge of this science is of the utmost importance in every department of life. It is the knowledge of human nature based upon scientific principles and it is attainable by all. It is a medium by which we are enabled to judge of mental capacities, and apply its advantages in the every day business of life. In every department of government and in offices of public trust it will enable us to choose those who may with the strictest confidence be relied upon in point of mental and moral capacity. It will enable the teacher to determine the disposition and talents of his pupil and adapt his instructions accordingly. It will enable parents to train the moral sentiments of their children and select occupations or professions suitable to their talents or dispositions. In forming alliances which are to determine the happiness or misery of both parties for life, it is the talisman which will point out with undeviating accuracy all the foibles, as well as perfections, their peculiarity of dispositions, partialities, and aversions, and prevent that dissimulation so often practised and which is usually attended with disappointment and regret. By it we can go back to the earliest ages of antiquity and see the nature of those faculties and the promptings of those minds whose mighty achievements swell the pages of history, but whose moving cause has ever been concealed amidst its ponderous archives. This science will elevate and expand all minds which receive its transcendent influence. It is a key by which we may unlock the hidden mysteries of human mind and explain what has ever been conconsidered the greatest of all earthly enigmas,—the nature of man.

It would seem very probable that Dr. Gall, after making a discovery so fraught with interest to mankind, would have received at least the applause of his countrymen. Far different was the effect produced. Instead of a reward for his invaluable discoveries, he was persecuted. Malice with her thousand piercing fangs, fastened upon him. Falsehood, with her myriads of scorpion tongues charged with demoniac venom, assailed his reputation. The denunciation of his sovereign was added to complete the degradation with which they sought to ruin him. But amidst all these convulsions of human passions, this noble champion of mental freedom stood firm and unmoved amidst the conflicting elements, declaring that "this is truth though at enmity with the philosophy of ages." What though he was ridiculed and persecuted, and

denominated charlatan and even scoundrel, and prohibited lecturing by the government of Austria? His mighty genius, guided by the resistless philosophy of truth and reason, braved the storms of adversity and opposition, and stands towering above the dark waters of oblivion, a beacon whose light shall never be extinguished, a philosophic sun whose luminous rays shall cast their scintillations upon the minds of succeeding generations.





ESSAYS.

THINK FOR YOURSELF.

If we give to others the use of our eyes and permit them to see for us, we violate a law of our nature, and if we fall and are bruised we have no one to blame but ourselves. It is even so with our reason; if we suffer the sun of our intellectual and moral world to be eclipsed by the little lurid taper of sectarianism, we have given up wilfully the light which God has made exclusively our own, for the murky emanations of prejudice which form a mist which is impenetrable, and a darkness that is visible. This disposition in man to confide their thinking apparatus to the keeping of those who pretend to think for him; this listlessness, sloth, and apathy have been the means of enervating and narrowing the mind, and has kept the mass of mankind from observing that the great Author of the universe has made him a rational and intellectual being, and subjected him both mentally and physically to the obedience of certain laws, which, if obeyed, are calculated to secure his happiness. The laws which govern him mentally are necessarily imposed on him for intellectual cultivation; for although God has bestowed faculties which are capable of grasping and analyzing the natural world, of investigating the phenomena of his own being and external nature, yet this wonderful being is ushered into the world, of which he is to become the future arbiter, with less strength and knowledge than the brute creation. The instinct which is an unerring guide to brutes is withheld from man, and he is to depend upon the cultivation and expansion of those materials for knowledge which his Creator has in infinite mercy given him.

Action, the principle which controls, regulates, and governs all material substance, is necessary also to the accomplishment of mental culture; and here again we see the infinite design of wisdom in extorting this action from all who would possess true knowledge; each must depend upon the action of his own mind for the enlargement of its powers. This power is not transferable. One may accumulate wealth for another, but knowledge never. I do not wish to be understood that we cannot aid and facilitate the acquisition of knowledge; this we certainly can do; but after all the effort of obtaining it can be made by no other. Nothing valuable in life can be obtained without an effort. This is an universal rule and will apply to each and every case. And,

if this was sufficiently and properly impressed upon the rising generation, we should see earlier and more earnest efforts made to possess themselves of knowledge. If children were early taught the nature and penalty of the divine law, and that they were sure to suffer in proportion to their transgression, how vastly different would be the next generation. Or, if they were taught the attributes of God by the creed which He has written, instead of entangling and distorting their minds with man-made creeds, and warping it to suit the paradoxical and limited views of Deity therein contained, we should see the human mind arise untrammelled by sophistry and unscathed by the blighting mildew of misanthropy.

I know that most persons think our religious characters are formed after we arrive at maturity; but the seeds are sown when we are young and they grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength until they become assimilated to our very existence; and if these views are erroneous, if we have early been taught that God was a selfish, jealous, angry being, we not only find it impossible to love Him as we ought, but (no matter how much we may endeavor to conceal the fact from ourselves and others) we associate him with objects that are disagreeable, and rather tremble with slavish fear, than feel awed and attracted by his mercy and loving kindness. It is impossible for us to love a dis-

agreeable object, and we can no more love Diety than objects of less magnitude when represented as revengeful and repulsive. And those who represent the Eternal, Invisible Author of our being in that manner should be pitied for their ignorance and weakness, and immediately taught the impropriety of their course; and above all they should never throw their deleterious instructions to poison the pure fountain of nature which flows in the innocent freshness of childhood. The powers of perception and imitation in children are developed long before their reasoning faculties, consequently those who have the charge of children cannot be too careful what impressions are made upon their minds. A child's confidence is boundless, and he will believe in things which he cannot give the slightest reason for believing. Error sown upon the susceptible soil of childhood poisons the pure fountain of truth and brings on a long catalogue of suffering, which shows too plainly that the minds of children had better be left a perfect blank than defaced by the foul blots of error. Never can it be forgotten that, while yet a small child, I had been indoctrinated with all the peculiar dogmas of the church, some of which were "original sin," "infant damnation," "endless misery," "total depravity," etc.

I had often been abjured by pious and sincere Christians that I committed sin enough every

breath I drew to damn my soul to all eternity. I sincerely regretted that I could not live without breathing, not even doubting the truth of what they affirmed. This idea of endless future misery (although not more than six years of age) was the bane of my life, the canker which corroded deeply into my spirits, and at times drank up their energies. If I sought, by my childish sports, to drive away this ceaseless torment, it would ever come back in their midst with such potency as to cast a cloud over my mind. But when "twilight let her curtain down and pinned it with a star," when my head was laid on my pillow, all the forms of damned spirits came clustering before me, and I could distinctly trace in the lineaments of their features that they were appointed to deal out to me my future cup of misery. I was afraid to walk out after dark for fear the earth would open and swallow me up, for I had not only breathed all day, but ever since I was born, and the awful thought struck my horrified senses in all its terror, that consequently I had merited more punishment than the wasteless ages could bestow. I never closed my eyes without repeating every prayer I had learned, but this did not prevent the frequent recurrence of these awful thoughts from disturbing my slumbers.

This state of things continued with me with greater or less intensity until I was eighteen years

of age. Our family was visited with sickness, my own life was despaired of,—this caused me to look into the attributes of God, the plan of his government, the promises contained in the scriptures, etc., and I came directly to this conclusion: that God had a design in creating man upon the earth; that that design was founded in wisdom dictated by goodness, and would be executed by Almighty power; that this, and this only, was compatible with the attributes of God, and would accord with that benevolence which "sendeth the rain upon the just and the unjust and causeth his sun to rise on the evil and the good." Immediately there was a peace, a calm resignation, and confidence to which I had before been a stranger. That confidence has never forsaken me. From that time I have believed for myself, I have thought for myself, and I have felt a perfect peace in so doing.

GOD'S LOVE.

Oh! holy, beauteous love,—ineffable, transcendent, and sublime. God's wonderful magnet that forms and moves all worlds in the vast Univercelum through their orbits of celestial space on the spiral round of progress, infilling all their mighty changes

with the holy light of beauty, pervading and increasing all atoms until their lofty heights pierce the sky, and vapory, fleecy clouds rest on the brow of the mountain in pearly magnificence and grandeur.

The brooding beauty of the stately trees, towering heavenward, yet spreading their sympathetic arms over all that seek the shelter of their friendly shade. All nature—sweet nature—bursts forth in bloom; fragrant flowers charm the sense and elevate the mind; the tuneful birds sing to their young in leafy bowers, trill their wild carols and revel in the very soul of music which vibrates o'er the echoing rocks and rivers, amid the smiling valleys, carpeted with vernal meadows and undulating golden grain,—its joy-bent sheaves feel the divinest pulse of love, and bow in wavy smiles towards all its glad surroundings.

The ocean's ceaseless voice proclaims the richness of its melody in anthems of responsive joy to the glad spirit that lifts its murmuring waves, diamond crested, forever reaching after God.

Oh, human soul! divinest element of spirit encased in dust! Thou shalt wear away thy dark surroundings and come forth in rosy light, to live, to love, to make all beautiful thy life,—all joyous the hearts that still linger in dust-bound ignorance. Their time too shall come to leave the darkness, to

soar aloft, cleansed by the mighty power of love and light, and to wonder why we desire to tarry long amid the shadows of material existence.

GOODNESS.

The brightest and most beautiful star of life is goodness. It contains a merciful justice, a love and tender sympathy for all humanity, a most sacred regard for the purity of life, which is illuminated by the sunlight of truth.

To be thoroughly good is to unfold our spiritual treasures here. We light our pathway of life by wearing the star of goodness shining on our foreheads. It is more charming and beautiful than all the world calls great,—which are the evanescent pleasures of wealth, fame, and high position. A day—an hour—may sweep these from our grasp, while goodness, being a spark of divinity, lives on forever.



EXTRACTS FROM DIARIES.

DECEMBER 31, 1861.

This day closes a year which shall be written in characters of blood and fire in the World's History. A year of crisis, of war, treason, reckless cruelty, selfishness, and lust of power by the traitors of our country. A year in which thousands of brave hearts have poured out their life-blood as a libation to LIBERTY on American soil,—that blood so freely offered has been shed by the hands of those who should be brothers. But, alas! for truth, for justice, for God and the right; the dark curtain of error has spread her sable pall over all we hold sacred. Oh! May that pall be removed by the thousands of patriotic hearts and hands that have espoused the cause of our Nation's honor.

God of the right! Oh! Grant that this government which Thy blessing secured to our dear, suffering, patriotic forefathers may pass through this fiery furnace of rebellion like gold fully tried, and be separated from the dross which the unprecedented prosperity of this Nation has accumulated

(all unconsciously) on the surface of our God-given, governmental institutions.

God of the right! Oh! How earnestly we look to Thee, praying that the brightness of thy countenance may once more shine upon our unhappy country. Oh! Lift us from the dust into which we have fallen. Cause the white-winged angel of Peace to once again wave her magical pinions over our dear land of America.

Oh! our Father, hear us! Hear this, our humble petition. May each patriotic heart that goes forth to battle against the foes of our country, beat strong for the right! May each noble spirit that wields the weapons to suppress rebellion feel that, to die in the cause of Freedom, is to die gloriously; to be a martyr of truth here, is to wear a crown of glory THERE.

Oh! world of Spirits, when you gather our sacrificial lambs together on that upper shore of Eternity, a halo of light must fall from heaven like a celestial tear-drop shed for peace and liberty.

Oh! Change the stubborn heart of wrong to right. Lift from their minds the darkness of rebellion; make them see Thy ways are the ways of truth and righteousness and lead upward to the Promised Land.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Twenty years today my dear mother was released from the earth form and ascended to the real, the immortal life, and the desolation that I felt at parting can never be described. Had I known then that I should have remained here so long, how hopeless would have been the outlook for the future. My own, own dear mother. Oh! Come in dreams or impressions and let me know and feel that it is indeed YOU. Oh! I would give worlds if I possessed them to see you now in your Spirit home; to know the manner of your living; your capacities for improvement, and see the beautiful flowers that deck your gardens. How much more patiently could I wait here in the darkness, wondering how the light will look when I am permitted to see it.

My own sweet mother! Of all the world you knew and loved me best. The sparkling, golden fire which illumined my tiny existence was taken from the eternal altar of God by you and consecrated with many prayers and with a love which time nor death can obliterate nor destroy.

It shall grow brighter and deeper, broader and more boundless, until it overleaps the boundaries of time and places me by your side on the upper shores of a beautiful and immortal existence. How grand and awe-inspiring it is to feel that we are immortal! That God shines in the stars, in the sunlight and in the soul-light of every beaming eye.

DECEMBER 25.

How gladly this morn is ushered in by every Christian heart. The star of Bethlehem rested on the moral horizon of the world and just became visible on this auspicious morning. How it shone in the dark ages, gilding the very clouds which burst over the head of our dear Lord and Saviour. They crucified him,—slew the body,—but his beautiful soul triumphed over death, and from that time to the present He has been leading mankind in the paths of duty and righteousness.

He has taught them that "God is love," and tried to impress them with the beauty, justice, and holiness of the Golden Rule.

Yes! Jesus has triumphed, and through the vista of unbroken centuries the light that was first kindled in Bethlehem shines brighter and brighter, and its rays permeate the darkest places, and divine light and love reach forth to comfort the desolate, sorrowing children of Earth.

Oh! What a lesson Christ has given to sinful, selfish man! What humility! What love.

Grant, blessed Mediator, that Thy spirit may ever illumine my darkened mind; that all selfishness may be banished from my heart; that all resentful feelings may be driven from my memory.

Let naught but a heavenly light shed its peaceful rays on my soul. Let naught but a heavenly love flow forth from the fountains of my heart. Make me to walk in the path Thou hast marked out for us here below,—and, in that great hereafter, may we be gathered like lambs to thy fold, and dwell forever in thy blessed presence.

There is a richness of melody and a refinement of harmony in the voice of Nature, as she sweetly speaks to us through the elements, that hushes every repining thought and lifts tired mortals into the sphere of inspiration where they can rest from the many cares and trials of life.

It teaches us to reach out beyond the present, and to recognize the great Positive Mind who is Our Creator. We can see His wisdom and His love through all the gradations of nature, from the smallest grain of sand up to the myriads of burning worlds that whirl throughout this vast Univercelum,—all emanating from Him, and, like ourselves, indestructible and immortal. What a glorious hope, to be able to reach higher and higher until we attain beauty, power, intelligence, wisdom, truth, and love in their purest and divinest forms.

This life is but the seeding time for eternity, and at its longest counts scarce a moment in that world where time shall be no more. It is not strange, then, that it takes the everlasting ages to develop the soul so largely, to expand it with the knowledge of the sublime mysteries of the everacting and varying forces of nature, and make it feel that it is truly the offspring of God.

JULY 4.

This is the morning of the Glorious Fourth, and all is life and animation to celebrate this anniversary of our independence. What pictures of the past this eventful day calls to mind. How it brings back those noble spirits that were assembled in the old State House in Philadelphia,—fired by a sense of duty and patriotism, fully aware of their danger, but stanch and firm for the right. Their brave countenances, compressed lips, and flashing eyes

telling how fearlessly they would stand or fall for their country's freedom.

The God of battles and the God of right prospered our cause and gave us this land of promise,—our own America. After long years of suffering every kind of hardship and privation that could come to our poor, patient, brave, and persevering army, we were declared a free nation.

How every American bosom should swell with patriotic pride. How every thought should ascend to the God of Nations, thanking him this morning for the privilege of enjoying such a government. These many years we have proved to other nations of the globe that our form of government is capable of dispensing the blessings of liberty and plenty without the aid of monarchy.

We should indeed feel grateful for the land that our forefathers won through the cost of so much blood, through the shedding of so many tears. Oh! how dear but how nobly won. Let us never forget that our liberty was bought by suffering and death, and let us cherish it for what it cost, and for what it bequeaths.

"Truth is mighty and must prevail"; it forces its way with the fire and precision of the morning sunbeam. Vapors may impede the infancy of its progress, but the very resistance that would check only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fulness of its meridian,—all life, light, and lustre,—the minutest objects visible in its refulgence.

All improvements in literature, science, or philosophy have been met by the skeptical, and bitterly opposed. All new truths have been received with a fear that their very existence would prove detrimental to the interests of society. Mankind has been so blinded by ignorance and their minds so warped by prejudice that they have sought to annihilate many new truths by opposition and ridicule, and many times by persecution.

Truth is an immutable principle,—the corner stone of the great fabric of creation upon which the Architect of the universe has set the majesty of His power, and the sure signet of His wisdom.

Sooner shall the great diadem of starlit worlds be wrested from the brow of the Omnipotent than truth be annihilated. What a strange and mysterious variety do we find enshrined in the casket of memory. We see there the pure diamonds of lovable intelligence, the bright genius of poetry, the warm gush of affection, the gay scenes of festive mirth, the convivial board of social enjoyment.

The holy hour of devotion, the organ's solemn tones, the church bells' warning chimes, the choir of voices raised in celestial harmony. The days of childish sport, when every flower was worshipped by the buoyant spirit, and every word was received as an emblem of truth,—a confidence written by heaven's own sunlight on the fair brow of innocence.

The enthusiasm which characterized the most commonplace incidents, the raptures with which the gurgling brook prattled to our thoughts, the pity which filled the eyes with heaven's own pearls for the woes of others,—the love which gushed from the full heart for ALL.

All, all are carried through life on the wings of Memory. Let the incidents be ever so numerous, memory seizes upon them all and carries them,—the good and the bad, the beautiful and the deformed, the pleasurable and the painful,—all are borne along by memory to the very close of life; and so mysterious are its powers that the impressions of childhood float on its surface brightly even when life's sun is nearing the horizon of death.

AUGUST 31.

The anniversary of my birth always brings back the days of my infancy, childhood, youth, and womanhood,—all the incidents which contain so much up to the present time; retrospection unfolds it in all its various colors, present circumstances and incidents so strangely different from each other that it almost seems impossible they could be embraced in one person's experience.

Yet so it is; we are ushered into the world unconscious of what is to be our doom or destiny; it is only unfolded by degrees, as we are capable of bearing it. Novelty is an ingredient of the mind that would render us miserable if not satisfied, and, if a knowledge of every incident which is to form our future lives could be given us at once, it would deprive us of that one great stimulus which now gilds our future.

Today I can see the galm, blue eyes of my mother resting upon me in love, and hear the sweet music of her voice,—memories which no time can destroy, for they are immortal. I can see the stern features of my father occasionally relax into a smile, as he watched our childish sports upon the green, which was almost encircled by a swiftly gurgling brook. Shall I ever forget the music of those waters,—that serenade from nature which nightly

soothed my senses to repose like some sweet guardian angel bringing my eyelids down to dream of happiness and heaven?

My brothers and sisters around me in loving companionship brought so much enjoyment to our rural home, so bright with its many comforts, and so removed from the cares and bustle of the outside world.

Oh, my dear, dear parents! Since you have been called to the Summerland, and I have been left without your guiding counsels, I can better realize your protecting love and your many cares. How I thank you for the sure foundation you builded in my mind upon which to rest the great principles of life. How you taught me to control selfishness and to cultivate benevolence and charity.

Since I have faced the great problems of life for myself, I meet many that are ignorant of such practical but exalted teachings.

If our souls ascend often to the great Fountain of love and intelligence, they must become illuminated to a certain extent with truth, and where can we find truth better than to seek it where it dwells in all purity untrammelled by the dogmas of man and unadulterated by bigotry and superstition.

Is it better to dig up the musty tomes of the ancients and decide what is truth, by their blind philosophy, or to climb up to its pure and lofty

fountain head by the ladder of faith, which if placed aright is sure to bear us upward to the Great Author and Founder of the Vast Univercelum and all its myriads of shining worlds?

How little do the majority of praying people understand the nature of prayer! Some of them think to change the plan of God thro' the order of nature. If our darkened minds ascend to God they are strengthened, and then, if they become concentrated upon the object of their prayer, they are benefited without any other phenomena than the fulfilment of an immutable law of God.

May it be my effort in life to reach that state of spiritual perfection which shall secure to me an unclouded faith, perfect in its entirety, endless in its strength, reaching from earth to heaven!

There is an universal and eternal activity throughout the vast regions of space. Every particle of matter is constantly passing through varying forms, orders, and degrees, evolving into something higher. This is an universal law which always has existed and always will exist. The wise philosopher has remarked that "understanding one thing in all its bearings would take in all other things in the Universe."

How inconceivably great and wonderful it is to follow down the ages of progression and go back into the chaotic abyss of unfinished worlds,—or to trace them upward to the solar system and view all the marvellous mechanism of heaven. It teaches us that the stars which give us light and so much pleasure and which encircle the great dome like clusters of brilliants in the transcendent diadem of all-creating-wisdom, are worlds in different grades of progression. Yet how difficult to grasp the idea in its immensity, or to imagine the sublimity and grandeur of unknown and unlimited space filled with worlds upon worlds.

The laws of progression are written on the pages of nature with unmistakable precision,—whether we go back to the first atom which emanated from the sun—to form the most ancient planet in our system—or to the first vegetation that adorned its surface. By what incomprehensible agency was matter first put in motion? Shall we call it the blind result of chance? Shall we say that it is the uncertain affinities and condensation of atoms moving without cause, directed without purpose, and liable at any moment to terminate in chaos or oblivion?

No. Wherever we turn our investigations we

behold a demonstration of intelligence accompanying every particle of matter from the most crude to the most perfect. We can look upon the fair pages of nature and read in characters made legible by divine perfection, the Omniscient Intelligence as its great Author.

And while oblivion wraps the outward senses the inmost shrine is deserted. Its god-like essence, —its magnet power of good is attracted upward.

(Written at school at the age of nine years. There were several more verses which are forgotten, as they were written on a slate. An elder sister recollected and copied this at the time.)

In six days (to Him be praise),
God made the whole creation.
The earth, the air, and all things fair,—
Made Man for his salvation,—
The sun to shine with light divine,—
The moon to walk nocturnal,
Nor made in vain the starry train
To grow with brightness vernal.

AUGUST 31

My birthday once more. How rapidly I am going up the steeps of time, and I thank our Heavenly Father that the way for my feet to tread is so free from thorns, so pleasant in all its paths, and that my children are preserved to me in the form, and most of them are living near me where I can see them nearly every day. Oh! how dear they are to me, and every added year makes them dearer.

How this day brings back the scenes and friends of long ago. I can see the cottage where I was born. I can feel what a new wonder I was to my gentle mother and how glad she was to have another girl. I can hear the murmuring of the brook that tumbled its bright waters so closely to our door. I can see its shining, pebbly bottom. Oh! how soothing was its sweet music to my infant ears,—how it rippled and sung its own merry tunes.

I find in the golden halls of my memory many apartments: the first one contains the crowning glory and joy of my young life,—my sweet, smiling, blue-eyed mother, her soft brown hair rolled back from her broad, expansive forehead, a thoughtful but cheerful expression of countenance, always sensible, yet social, and, though shining in the social

circle she was so well fitted to adorn, yet, where there was illness and suffering, there she was to be found, in the chambers of the sick, in the hovels of the poor, by the bedside of the dying, her voice comforted, her soul-beaming countenance lighted the dark places, her faith rose like a star of glory for sad eyes to gaze upon, for sad hearts to hope upon. She felt it to be not only her duty, but made it her happiness to smooth the way for the unfortunate and sorrowing. Her passage from death to eternal life was lighted by the blessings of the many she had blessed. Truly, "none knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise."

My father, grave, dignified, quiet, almost distant in his nature, the soul of honor, loving his family with a deep and abiding love, but unable to demonstrate his affection in the fond caresses that were bestowed so freely by my mother. He was a large, fine-looking man, with dark hair, and eyes of so deep a blue they were often mistaken for black. His peculiar smile lighted up his countenance, making it radiant at times. He was not naturally social, but when he did unbend and join the merry throng, none could be more gracious and fascinating.

My brothers and my sisters, my school mates and my friends are not forgotten. Their pictures hang in the hall of my memory and their many dear and lovable traits are still bright after the lapse of all these years. Most of them have crossed the border land of mortal life and passed to the spirit realms. Soon I shall reach the summit of my appointed years and join them. Oh! may the first one that greets me on that bright shore be my own, loved, angel-mother.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

Welcome, thou newly born child of time. Born amidst the conflicting elements of national troubles, the booming cannon, the clash of arms, the red clouds of war, spread so threateningly over our once peaceful and happy America. Thine egress here, which thou art printing on our national history, shall tell thy story to unborn millions, shall tell our struggles for the right, shall tell how patriot hearts freely poured out the crimson life current and sealed their devotion to liberty with their blood.

Shall tell how traitors, fired by a demoniacal thirst for power, trampled our flag in the dust, murdered our husbands, fathers, sons, and lovers, because of their love for the Union, have sought with sacrilegious hands to tear the heart from liberty, and establish disunion and disruption.

Oh! thou God of right! Baptize our new born year with the emanations of thy righteonsness. Place on his infant brow the germs of hope, love, liberty, and truth, guard him with thy high power.

Let it not be in vain that we implore thy help, thy protection, thy care in this our hour of peril. Now is a time of sorrow and mourning, our glad songs of liberty are hushed, and our nation's harp hangs mournfully, all unswept, upon the willow whose roots are washed by the mad waters of anarchy and rebellion.

Oh! Father, we pray thee, harmonize with thy love and wisdom the conflicting elements which are now red with some of the bravest hearts'-blood of our nation. May the leading enemies of our country meet the reward due to traitors, and may the masses who ignorantly follow them be converted to the beauty and truth of noble patriotism. Make them see their errors and to realize the great wrongs they are trying to inflict upon the best government that the sun ever rose upon.

Oh! infant year! Before thou hast grown old, may we rejoice where now we sorrow, may we bask in light where we now grope in darkness. May the smoke of the battle be cleared from our land and the sunlight of peace rest on our homes, our fields, and forests. May the martial tread of our brave soldiers be relaxed and replaced by the ordinary

pursuits of peaceful life. May the pall of despair be melted away by the sunlight of hope. May the tears of our widows and orphans be dried by peaceful breezes, may we rest in our homes feeling secure from invasion and from war's frightful menace.

Oh! infant year! Ere thou hast reached maturity drop upon us the olive branch of peace and let it cover the graves of apprehension and tyranny.

This morning finds me in a pretty country village, where there is every appearance of comfort and thrift. The white cottages shaded by tall elms, maples, beeches, and evergreens, and surrounded by large well-kept gardens filled with nearly every kind of bloom, make a pleasing picture for the eye to rest upon. The streets are straight, at right angles, and are shaded by continuous rows of trees on either side, so tall and large that the branches almost touch overhead, thus making a continuous bower. A most inviting spot. I arose early and started for a walk. A church spire some few blocks distant attracted me, and I turned my steps in that direction. I soon reached the church and walked beyond it into the churchyard,—the burial place for the dead. But what a contrast to the lovely little hamlet,—a field bare and desolate, unkept, uncared-for, and permitted to be overgrown with weeds; the grave stones displaced, some leaning and some broken. No trees, and but few flowers, whose sickly growth told of utter lack of care. What food for thought. We love our living, why cannot we remember our dead. Is it not an indication of refinement to see well-cared-for cemeteries, and do we not often judge of the citizens by the appearance of the town's burial place?

It is certainly appropriate that cemeteries should be ornamented with shrubbery and flowers. They are the receptacles, the final resting-place of the mortal remains of those whose presence cheered us, and whose memories are dear to surviving friends, and, where there is nothing but the cold, marble slab to tell the birth and death of an individual, it argues a want of refinement if not of affection in those who survive and who have the power to plant the evergreen,—pointing us to immortality,—the rose, seringa, and myrtle as tokens of truthful love and undying remembrance.

I gazed on this desolate scene and thought of those the destroyer had garnered here,—some in age, in manhood, in youth and infancy; the poor, the rich, the high, the low,—all embraced in the same profound slumber, all resting quietly, freed from the cares and turmoil of life, some who lad lingered long, struggling with disease, others snatched suddenly from the midst of life's enjoyment.

How forcibly it reminds us of the uncertainty of life and the vanity of worldly pursuits. The iron hand of Time has marked all the living for the same narrow chamber. Our grant of life contains our death warrant, which shall be executed in a longer or shorter period of time, according to the will and pleasure of an Allwise Creator.

Oh! my Father, give us the faith to lift the veil which obscures the future. Let us look beyond the shadows of the grave and behold the spirit that is born into the sphere of immortal joy and blessedness. Make us to understand that we are but standing on the threshold of Eternal life, and, when our time comes to step through the open door, we shall be ushered into a world of peace, reunion, and love.



AUGUST 51.

Forty years have come and gone, and I have learned enough of life's great lesson to know that all its happiness connected merely with the things of earth is overrated by the world in general. Like the unfledged bird we need them to subsist upon until our spirit wings have grown to lift us from the earth to heaven.

Yet there are those who cannot believe themselves to be immortal, but bend all their energies of soul and body to the accumulation of the riches of this world. How small it will all seem to them when they are called to lay this body down forever.

Yes! Why not forever? Who can believe this form, this casket of clay shall be raised to celestial spheres? We took it from the broad bosom of our generous mother earth and to her it must be returned,—and through her again all that is mortal shall mingle with the bright green grass, the verdant trees, and lovely flowers.

The soul most truly is "sown in the natural body," but in that bright home beyond the skies we shall wear our new spiritual body, very similar (it may be) to the natural body we give back to earth, —only stripped of all its defects and beautified with the radiance and brilliance of God's holy light.

Great Eternal Fountain of Love and Wisdom, Source of all Spirits! Father of all minds! grant, we pray Thee, an unfolding of our natures and make us more truly sensible of our relationship to Thee and of the certainty of our immortal destiny.

Give us the understanding of thy love. Let us feel that wisdom, truth, purity, and universal charity will be retained when we are born into the spirit spheres.

Enable us to efface the errors of our lives and the perversions of thy rich blessings by acts of charity and love. Enable us to do our duty regardless of the scoffers of the world. Make us examples of truth and rectitude, and may each day that passes bring us one step nearer Thy standard of perfection.

Oh! my Father in heaven, I thank Thee for my children. I thank Thee for the bestowment of such immortal gems. Give me the light to guide them to Thee. May they learn that true happiness consists in obeying Thy laws and in doing Thy work in the world. Enable them to forgive as Thou forgivest. Give them wisdom and understanding that they may appreciate the real immortal life.

Give them submission to Thy will. Give them the power to do right. Make them to live the Golden Rule. Teach them to walk peacefully and humbly in the paths that Thou wouldst have them tread. Bless them with health, and such worldly prosperity as is good for them, and bring them to that "Peace which passeth all understanding." I beseech Thee to grant this earnest prayer.

Amen.



TOBACCO.

The real deleterious nature of tobacco is not generally known by its consumers. The majority of those using it began doing so while they were children, and probably unknown to their parents and guardians. The ambitious heart of "Young America" is fired with an intense longing to leap across the chasm of years that separates boyhood from manhood, and revel in what seems to their juvenile eyes the luxuries that belong to the years when man attains his majority. So the widespread use of tobacco—like many other evils grows alarmingly by example. Examples from those whose influence is the strongest and most powerful in the land. The statesman, the military hero, the preacher, the layman, temperance lecturer, and many of the reformers who pass their whole lives fighting Wrong, and trying to set Right on a sure foundation, smoke and use tobacco.

Young eyes gaze on the luxurious ease which seems to surround them, as with paper in hand they sit and puff the curling smoke from their lips and enjoy their newspaper. Young eyes watch with

interest the open cigar case passed among a party of friends and note the feeling of sociability it brings forth. Young eyes count in the after-meal cigars; the evening cigar; the cigar to walk on; the cigar to ride on; the cigar to quiet nerves; the cigar to keep down flesh, and the cigars for the thousand other excuses man makes for using them; and is it strange those young eyes should admire and try to emulate their example?

Smoking may not be a crime in the true definition of the word, but it certainly is a vice; and what right has a man to set himself up as an example for old and young to follow, if he constantly practises a vice?

The smoking preacher, teacher, and the reformer, as well as many influential men holding high places in our land, are all supposed to be such bright characters that walking in their footsteps would reflect credit on us; and yet their example helps to corrupt our youth, poison our atmosphere, and spread disease abroad in the land, to say nothing of the food that it takes out of the mouths of the wives and little ones of many men too poor to furnish their families with the necessaries of life, yet still find money to keep themselves under the influence of tobacco.

But supposing that tobacco was as free as the air; that it cost nothing, and did not poison the

atmosphere and render many non-smoking men (to say nothing of women) sick from its vile smells; suppose it had none of these outside effects; even then it is a curse and a blight on those using it. Every year it adds as many graves to our cemeteries as some of our most contagious diseases, but so insidiously, so quietly does it work its deadly way that its power is not generally recognized.

Each smoker flatters himself that he is particularly favored by being exempt from nicotine poison. He acknowledges that it may harm some of his smoking friends, but, as for himself,—oh! indeed he must be proof against it. Are not his lungs good? His stomach strong? His heart powerful, and nerves altogether too steady, to be affected by smoking! Of course he has been told that its continued use seriously affects the stomach: causes debility and irregular action of the heart; that it confuses the vision, dilates the pupil of the eve, and disturbs sound; that it depresses the nerve centres, and oppresses the brain; that it affects the mucous membrane of the month and causes "smokers' sore throat," which often degenerates into cancer and agonizing death,—as in the cases of Emperor Frederick and General Grant; that it irritates the surface of the lungs, causing a cough which is liable to end in consumption; that it causes paralysis and often insanity; and yet so much is man a slave to this weakness and vice that he will face death in any of these forms rather than even *try* to throw off the yoke that is pressing on all his vital organs and slowly crushing out his life.

Tobacco no doubt stimulates a desire for liquor, and many of our drunkards can trace their downfall to its effects. If our country is ever freed from its baneful influence, it will have to be done through legislation. In that way our boys may reach their full growth without being stunted by its use. They may have a chance to stand on the threshold of their business lives with unclouded brains, clear eyes, steady nerves, healthy bodies, and sound judgments; they can be men in strength and might, unsullied by vice, unshackled by a death-dealing habit.

Oh! that all men could feel with King James the First, of England, who denounced the use of tobacco, saying it was "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the Pit that is bottomless."

THE TOBACCO WORM.

In his mind he was lame, to the mountains he came For air sweet and pure. Would you think, to be sure,

He would sit on a bench and create such a stench With tobacco so vile one could smell it a mile? These Catskills so fair with pure, ozone air All sparkling and blooming with roses so rare; With the sheen and the luster and opal bright clusters

Of the musical brook, as it laughs in each nook;
And the sun-girdled lilies, with tresses of gold,
Each summer increasing their beauteous fold
On the bright emerald grass; each point of it giving
The spirit of Nature,—health, love, healing and living.

The huge waving elms reach their sheltering arms To all who (attracted, admiring their charms)

Love purity, truth, wisdom, patience, and peace;

The sweet breath of Nature our health will increase,
But this poison, this filthy, this vile nicotine.

Invades this fair garden uninvited, unseen.

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE ON ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

When the blue heavens were first wrapped around this embryo world, and the fiat of the Almighty had gone forth to perfect the work and embellish the earth with all that is fair and beautiful; then was instituted that endless and pleasing variety, both on and around this globe, which should make it a terrestrial Paradise. The mighty ocean, whose fathomless waves roll with sublime grandeur and dash with untutored violence, contains its millions of finny inhabitants who revel in the depths of its caverns, and sport amidst its evanescent mountains.

The solid earth is clothed with emerald. Vegetation springs forth in its beauteous forms, vieing with each other, and all appearing alternately the most lovely, from the stately oak, whose huge form gains strength by wrestling with the winds, to the modest violet whose blue eye looks up to heaven as if conscious from whence it derives its loveliness.

Wherefore all this preparation? Why this agreeable diversity of heat and cold, day and night,

storm and sunshine? Wherefore is the broad and brilliant lamp of heaven hung out by the flat of Almighty Power to cheer the day by its light and effulgence, and when grey twilight speaks of a change, the cerulean curtain of the sky spread with its millions of sparkling diamonds? I repeat it,—wherefore all this mighty preparation which could be accomplished by nothing short of Infinite Power and Infinite wisdom?

"Let us make man in our own image." THIS accounts for that august preparation which engaged all Heaven in its accomplishment.

"And God formed man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." This vivifying breath of Deity,—this emanation from God,—was an inspiration of immortality which must exist forever.

But the increase of the human race brought an increase of wealth and luxury which in many cases enervates the mind, debilitates the body, and blunts the perceptive faculties; this brought not only an increase of selfishness, but created and augmented pride and vanity. The few who had the courage, the virtue, the magnanimity to pass unscathed by the many temptations through the ordeal of human

aggrandizement may truly be considered as differing very much from the generality of mankind; and, be their profession, occupation, politics, or religion what it may, they are ODD FELLOWS.

As there has ever been, since the commencement of time, some few choice spirits (whose ruling principle has been charity) which have served as so many beacons to warn mankind of the danger of selfishness, and the sin of misanthropy, we may justly consider that we are indebted to them for the preservation of an Institution which has for its object the happiness and well-being of mankind.

We are aware of the numerous objections which have at different times been brought against Odd-Fellowship by those who are ignorant of its true principles. One whispers: "Beware of secret societies." Another cries out: "Our creed is in danger," when all religious creeds are admitted into the same institution with themselves. The third remarks: "If there is anything good in Odd-Fellowship, why not proclaim it to the world?" While the fourth, with an expression of contempt on his features, says, dryly: "If its object is charity, we can bestow our charities without belonging to any institution."

We contend that Odd-Fellowship is not a secret society in so far as its object is concerned. The END for which it was established is not pri

vate, and its principles are proclaimed to the world. In answer to the objections respecting particular creeds, we would simply remark that Odd-Fellowship has for its ultimate object, in a religious point of view, all that is valuable in any known creed. It embraces those of all religious denominations, and excludes none who possess a good moral character and believe in God. Our daily experience has painfully taught us that those who make the loudest profession are apt to possess least of the true principles of religion. We are informed in the sacred scriptures that the wind passed over the mountain,—God was not in the wind; again the tempest passed over.—God was not in the tempest. At length there came a still, small voice, and God was in the voice.

This still, small voice is Odd-Fellowship; it is the voice of sympathy which bids him go forth and search for the oppressed and down-trodden of his fellow beings, and, having found them, it bids him bind up the broken heart and minister to the spirit which is stricken with grief; and in proportion as he contributes to the happiness of others, he enhances his own.

The third objection which has been urged is: "If there be any good in this institution, why not proclaim it to the world!" We would briefly reply that all that is necessary for the world to know to

enable them to judge of the merits or demerits of this institution is already known by those who have taken the trouble to inform themselves; as the use and definition of all its various symbols have been repeatedly explained in public lectures.

To those who are still ignorant of its principles we would say: Suspend your judgment until you examine its principles for yourselves; the foundation on which it is based; its ultimate aim and object (for they are no secret), and if you have ordinary humanity and kindness of heart you cannot say they are unworthy of your attention.

The fourth objection which is sometimes urged is, that we can bestow our charities without becoming members of any society. True, we can; but, if we actually *did*, would not starving penury and want be at once banished from the world? What is everybody's business is nobody's, and the unfortunate being who seeks the cold charity of an unfeeling world is often left to suffer for the want of the most common necessaries of life.

We enclose a garden with walls, not only that its fruit may come to maturity, but that it may be secured to its rightful owners. Even so with the principles of this Institution. Its seeming barriers are against none that justice says may enter; it does not exclude those who are worthy to be admitted, and all rational minds must see the necessity of order in this as in all other societies.

Odd-Fellowship has for its object the fairest and the greatest of all Christian virtues,—which is Charity. The founder of the Christian religion set an example worthy of all imitation in relieving the pain and suffering of mankind,—ever at the couch of the sick, the sorrowful, and afflicted. He is the angel of mercy to the erring, the restorer of sight to the blind, administering to the wants of all who are afflicted either physically or mentally. The Apostles followed his divine injunctions and also became ministering angels. According to the testimony of St. James, it was the religion which they not only preached, but practised: "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this,—that ve visit the widow and fatherless in affliction, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world"; and this is the very essence of the principles of Odd-Fellowship,— at least, as we understand it.

You may perhaps ask why a woman should advocate the principles of any secret society,—even of Odd-Fellowship. We know that women are not often admitted into Lodges, but do we not have the privilege of examining the laws by which they are governed? Do we not possess the same facilities for information as men who are not among the initiated! Most certainly we do; and, if the high-

est officer in the fraternity were to lecture upon this subject publicly, would be explain anything more than the principles and object of this Institution and its beneficial effects upon those who adopt them?

Again, woman is so constituted that she forms the basis of domestic happiness or misery just in proportion as she appreciates and facilitates the comfort and well-being of her family; and no woman can, in my opinion, feel indifferent to the happiness of those who are bound to her by the ties of consanguinity or affinity. Is not the happiness of her husband, father, brother, or son of the greatest moment?

I know that many men of wealth consider that benevolent institutions are nothing to them. Fortune has elevated them above their less fortunate neighbors, and, as they have ever received her smiles, they expect a continuation of them. The sun has more than once risen brightly upon fortunes which have ceased to be ere his setting. Change is written with the broad sunbeam of truth upon all tangible objects. The rich of today may be the poor of tomorrow. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." The king of Israel who was noted for his great wisdom said: "Put not your trust in riches, for they take to themselves wings and fly away." Every day's experience proves the

uncertainty upon which our fondest hopes are based, and when our skies are darkened by clouds of affliction there is nothing that can come into our lives that will be more welcome; no chain that can draw us back from despair to happiness like the three links of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.



OLD AGE.

How frightful it is to the young to think of gray hairs and decrepitude; and yet we go step by step so gradually up the hill of life that we are at the summit before we realize that we are half way, and when we have gained the top of the mountain and look around on the valleys below us we see innumerable swarms of humanity going hither and thither clutching at the tangible always; for that god Mammon has the sincerest, most enthusiastic worshippers, and they are not all outside of the churches, either, for the Christians of today clamor loudly for money, and some churches are the great monied archways through which the rich pay toll to heaven, but they will find their heaven will be just in proportion to the amount of charity and love which they possess. If old age has laid in store wisdom and truth, then it is only the body, not the spirit, that is dimmed by time. Old age is delightful, for we have outridden the storms of life and ceased to struggle with its fury, and are no longer fearful of being wrecked on the rocks of disappointment, or of being stranded on the shoals of sorrow. As our life-bark is placidly gliding toward the evergreen shore of immortality, we scent the sweet aroma of flowers and feel the warm sympathies of friends who have long since passed through the golden door to life immortal. Death, instead of being full of terror, is the sweet messenger of rest who says to the tired soul be free; free from sorrow, from doubt, from disappointment, from being insphered in dust and darkness. Free to range through the deathless universe of souls and free to gaze on the glories, wonders, and beauties of immortality.

It seems that every season of life has its peculiar phases. Infancy demands food and nursing. Childhood, amusements and instruction; and youth looks forward to manhood or womanhood with the keenest relish of anticipation: while the great noon of life to all finds them on the summit of middle age almost before their plans have been matured, much less achieved, and it is only when the soul looks within that spirit-lighted temple where she kneels in humble reverence and asks for more light, more love, more wisdom, and asks, with all the earnestness of a suffering need, that the fountains of truth are opened and the thirsty soul can partake of the water of life and be satisfied! Satisfied only for the present, for when we step on higher ground and stand gazing at the beauties of the worlds around us, and make ourselves acquainted with the phenomena of nature, of the grandeur and sublimity of the works of God shining through nature in ten thousand different ways, our experience becomes enlarged, our souls expand, and it takes more of truth's higher developments to satisfy the cravings of our spirits. But when we realize that these earth-forms are not ourselves, only the dust-garment that we wear while we are in earth life, not our real selves, we have taken a step forward and upward that enables us to comprehend one of the greatest mysteries of life. All of nature, all of humanity, all of the unseen forces which harmonize with us or those which are antagonistic to us, if they are not actually seen, they are yet dimly comprehended by the spirit that has taken this most important step forward and upward.

I expect some will say, "How visionary," while others will say, "It is all imagination," the term which to them means hallucination, or deception to the mind: but it is because they have never seen through the clairvoyant eye of reason that they cannot comprehend that this dust that we wear about us is only the walls which for a while obscure the spirit and keep it in contact with matter for its more complete individualization. If we could contemplate the grass, the tree, or flower in ethereal state before it has been developed outwardly into a tangible form, we should soon be able to comprehend that this same law extends throughout all

space, all worlds, and that matter is as immortal as spirit and never found without this moving, breathing, life-inspiring agency which ever blends with it in all the different phases through which it passes; birth and death, or decay and renovation, is the right and left hand of change which marks and marshals worlds in their sublime marches through the great cycles of time.

How much and how unjustly has death been slandered by theology both in the past and present. It is represented that it is a punishment sent for the disobedience of mankind, and we are gravely told that, if Adam had not sinned, man would have been deathless even in mortal life. All of truth, all of reason forbid such falsehood. Star-eved science lifts her glittering fingers toward the heavens and declares that such religion is born of falsehood; that death or the laying down this mortal body is the great, the grand event in our lives, for which we were born. If we could have the truth in our childhood, we then should look upon death as the glad messenger which gives us back all the loved and lost through the various stages of life; gives us light to see the beauties, the glories, the mysteries of the ever working laws reciprocating through all nature, through all worlds, through all the various cycles of time down the star-gemmed avenues of eternity.

Truth given to the child bears fruit ten, twenty, and sometimes an hundred fold, it accumulates the diamond threads that communicate from the great Positive Mind to every soul that possesses this priceless magnet that draws us up to God.



MY FIRST GRANDMOTHER.

Away back through ages I see my first grandmother, who lived and loved, raised her offspring, tended and nursed, cared and prayed for them, and then laid down the mortal and entered in at the golden door of immortality where her life with all its wondrous powers, her mind with all its mysterious capacities, her love which has ever since been constantly expanding, has come down through the whirling cycles of time to all her children. With each new child a new love is born and that love is immortal. Is it not wonderful and beautiful that we can trace step by step our lineal vine, the roots of which are deep bedded in the fartherest century, but its beautiful clusters are the golden fruit of immortality. This vine is lifted higher and higher as the centuries advance, so we can trace our ancestry to the highest archangels that have thousands of years agone been initiated into the sublime mysteries of immortal and perpetual youth.

"WHAT GOD HATH CLEANSED."

We do not understand why the lower orders of life exist in any of their venomous forms, but we know they do, and that they were created by the same Almighty Power that formed the planets on which they exist; and because God formed them we should at least try to endure them without any hatred, which always produces inharmony. pay a very poor compliment to the Great Author of all nature in our rudeness and nervousness to reptile, animal, and mankind when we are too delicate to endure what Infinite Wisdom has formed. Charity will at once teach us that they did not make themselves, and if we who have been born and developed on a different plane have any better thoughts, any more harmonious aspirations, we should thank God and reach forth a helping hand to those lower in the scale of development, or at least treat them with charity and forbearance. know that there are persons so self-conceited that they will not listen to anything that points at their defects, faults, bad habits, and inharmonies. such there is no other way but to let them pass through their own pet hells to heaven.

A Self-Examining Society would be the very best Society in the world for everybody to join. Each day of our lives to call ourselves to account and see if all our thoughts and actions have been in accordance with the very best maxims of Confucius, and reiterated in the Sermon on the Mount: "Whatsoever ye would that others do unto you, do ve even so unto them." If all the inhabitants of the earth would practise this simple, beautiful religion, what a glorious millenium would immediately dawn on our darkened and war-stained world; Peace, charity, and love would wrap the world in diamond robes of purity, and Truth should light us to the homes of the angels. Life or death, prosperity or adversity, would be all the same, for we should know of a truth that heaven is here, and that the kingdom of heaven is within every human soul.

The reason why human charity is so often inef fectual is because it is so seldom mingled with reason and judgment. We know the natural dispositions and habits of animals, birds, and reptiles, and we do not feel anger at their manifestation, but in the case of human beings we do not exercise the same forbearance. If a person is born with a material

body that is avaricious and mean, he has no other mode of manifesting his powers of mind except through his organism, and we feel an antagonism, or disgust and antipathy, and wonder why he cannot understand a more liberal policy

Now it is certain that our bodies material are the tunnels or mode of contact with others of our internal selves, and, if they are so badly constructed that only selfish, mean, and avaricious sentiments can find expression, we should look upon such an one as being helpless to give us any better demonstrations of the mind and disposition, and on the same plane with animals and reptiles,—born for only such manifestations. Then will our love for good and progress be made apparent in trying to influence them to a higher plane of life by more elevating and unselfish examples.











